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THIRD READER



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THE AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS

THIRD READER

BY

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AND

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PREFACE

BOOK Four, the Third Reader, of the American School Readers Series, follows the plan of the series.

Its prominent features are the high class of literature used, the very careful grading, and the excellent character of the typography and of the illustrations.

The subject matter has four chief elements: folklore and fairy story, historical stories, nature stories, and poems.

The folklore and fairy stories are full of interest to children; they have humor and are decidedly ethical. The offensive stories of wicked relatives are omitted, as being immoral in their tendency. In their place are tales of enterprise and of common life which have become classics, and which tend to elevate the minds and characters of children.

Historical stories are valuable at this age, because, while children are interested in fairy tales, they are also interested in real people, and this interest should be fostered in the school readers; so we have stories of Washington, of Lincoln, of Charlemagne, and of other historical characters, all by standard authors.

There is more poetry than is commonly found in school readers for the third grade, because poetry, if of

the right sort, appeals to children at this age. There is much standard verse often found in readers that young children cannot appreciate, and to give them that at the wrong time is to vitiate taste. It is believed that the poetry in the Third Reader will lead children to a keen appetite for poetry and to sound judgment.

The grading will be found to be much more careful and exact than that of most third readers. The selections are neither below the average child of nine years, so as to affect him unpleasantly, nor are they beyond his grasp. The grading is based on psychological demands more than upon difficulties of language, but the language is the language of children.

Mechanically, the book like the rest of the series is exceptional. The type is unusually large and clear, the paper of dull finish, and the cover strong and attractive. The illustrations really illustrate.

The authors beg to acknowledge the courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons in granting them the use of the poem "One, Two, Three," by H. C. Bunner, and of Henry Holt and Company in granting the use of "Buz and Hum," by Maurice Noel.

They also acknowledge the valuable criticism of the manuscript by Dr. Waitman Barbe of the University of West Virginia.

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THIRD READER



ELIZA CURTIS.

OLE LUK OIE, THE DREAM GOD



THIRD READER

jungle climb straight

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO KNOW

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Tiry. He was brown as an oak leaf in the fall, and he lived in a country where it was always summer and where tigers roam.

Tiry, like some other boys, was always asking questions, which sometimes his

father and his mother could not answer. One day he said, "Mother, what is the strongest thing in the world?"

His mother said, "Truly, Tiry, I do not know; you will have to find out." So Tiry started off into the jungle to find out.

He went on and on until he came to a tree. "You look strong," said he to the tree. "I shall climb you and look down." So Tiry climbed the tree. Then he looked far out over the jungle and the desert to see if there were anything stronger than the tree. Just then the branch of the tree broke, and down fell little Tiry to the ground, bump!

"O Tree, you are the strongest of all, are you not?" cried Tiry, sitting up and rubbing his head. "You were strong enough to throw Tiry down hard."

"Oh, no, the wind is stronger than I," said the tree. "It was the wind that broke my branch."

Then Tiry ran on till he found the wind blowing the sand in the desert, and he said: "O Wind, the tree threw Tiry, but you broke the tree. Are you not the strongest of all?"

"No, I am not the strongest," said the wind. "The hill is stronger than I, for it stops me, no matter how hard I blow."

So Tiry ran on and on until he came to a high hill, and to the hill he said: "O Hill, the tree threw Tiry, and the wind broke the tree, but you can stop the wind. Are you not the strongest of all?"

"Not I," said the hill. "At my feet lives a small mouse. Strong as I am, she is cutting a tunnel straight through me."

So Tiry went down the hill, and looked around and around in the bushes until he found a small brown mouse.

To the mouse he said: "O Mouse, the tree threw Tiry, the wind broke the tree, and the hill can stop the wind, but you

have dug a tunnel through the hill. Are you not the strongest of all?"

"No," said the mouse. "The tiger can catch and eat me."

So Tiry traveled again to the jungle, where the tiger lives, and he said: "O Tiger, the tree threw Tiry, the wind broke the tree, the hill can stop the wind, and the mouse has dug a tunnel through the hill, but you can catch the mouse. Are you not the strongest of all?"

But the tiger even then was caught fast in a net, so he said to Tiry, "No, this rope is stronger than I."

And Tiry said to the rope: "O Rope, the tree threw Tiry, the wind broke the tree, the hill can stop the wind, the mouse has dug a tunnel under the hill, the tiger is able to catch the mouse, but you have caught the tiger. Are you not the strongest of all?"

"No," said the rope; "the fire burns me."

So Tiry ran and ran until he came to a fire, far out on the desert, and to the fire he said: "O Fire, the tree threw Tiry, the wind broke the tree, the hill stops the wind, the mouse tunnels the hill, the tiger catches the mouse, the rope catches the tiger, but you are able to burn the rope. Are you not the strongest of all?"

"No," said the fire, "the great sun is stronger than I and gives me all my heat."

Then Tiry looked up at the sky, and he called loudly to the sun: "O great Sun, the tree threw Tiry, the wind broke the tree, the hill stops the wind, the mouse digs a tunnel through the hill, the tiger catches the mouse, the rope catches the tiger, and the fire burns the rope, but you give heat to the fire. Are you not the strongest of all?"

Then the sun winked his large yellow eye at Tiry, and never a word did it say, for it was too far off to hear Tiry's voice.

So Tiry clapped his hands and cried: "I have found the strongest of all. It is the sun."

Then little Tiry went home and told his mother how strong the sun is and how he found out.

Malay Folk Tale.

ghost	slumbered	muttering
knocked	enough	motionless

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon: "I will blow you out.

You stare

In the air,

Like a ghost in a chair,

Always looking what I am about.

I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So, deep,

On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, “I’ve done for that Moon.”
He turned in his bed; she was there again!

On high,
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind: “I will blow you out
again.”

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew
dim.

“With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge.
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than
dim.”

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to
a thread.

“ One puff
More’s enough
To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the
thread!”

He blew a great blast and the thread was
gone;

In the air,
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone.

The Wind—he took to his revels once more ;
On down,

In town,

Like a merry mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and
roar.

“ What’s that? ” The glimmering thread
once more!

He flew in a rage; he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and
blew.

Slowly she grew, till she filled the night,
And shone,
On her throne,
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind: “What a marvel of power
am I?

With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death;
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in; what a strength am
I!”

But the Moon—she knew nothing about the affair,

For, high

In the sky,

With her one white eye,

Motionless, miles above the air,

She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE

The Good People cannot abide meanness. They like to be kindly dealt with when they beg or borrow of the human race; and, on the other hand, to those who come to them in need, they are always generous.

Now there once lived a certain Housewife who had a sharp eye for her own interests. One day a Hillman knocked at the door.

"Can you lend us a saucepan, good Mother?" said he. "There's a wedding in the hill and all the pots are in use."

“Is he to have one?” said the servant lass who opened the door.

“Aye, to be sure,” answered the Housewife. “One must be neighborly.”

But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, the woman pinched her



arm, and whispered sharply: “Not that, not that! Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, and the Hillmen are so neat that they are sure to mend it before they send it home. So one obliges the Good People and saves sixpence in tinkering.”

Then the maid fetched the saucepan that had been laid by till the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the dwarf, who thanked her and went away. In due time the saucepan was returned, and as the Housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready for use.

At supper time the maid filled the pan with milk, and set it on the fire for the children's supper. But in a few minutes the milk was so burned and smoked that no one could touch it, and even the pigs refused to take it.

“Ah, good-for-nothing!” cried the Housewife, as she refilled the pan herself; “you would ruin the richest with your carelessness. There's a whole quart of milk wasted!”

“And that's twopence,” cried a voice, which seemed to come from the chimney, in a whining tone.

The Housewife had not left the saucepan for two minutes when the milk boiled over,

and it was all burnt and smoked as before. “The pan must be dirty,” muttered the good woman in great vexation; “and there are two full quarts of milk as good as thrown to the dogs.”

“*And that's fourpence,*” added the voice in the chimney. After a thorough cleaning, the saucepan was once more filled and set on the fire, but with no better success. The milk was spoiled, and the Housewife shed tears of vexation at the waste, crying: “Never before did such a thing befall me since I first kept house! Three quarts of new milk burned for one meal!”

“**AND THAT'S SIXPENCE!**” cried the voice from the chimney; “you didn't save the tinkering after all, Mother!”

With which the Hillman himself came tumbling down the chimney, and went off laughing through the door. But after that the saucepan was as good as any other.

J. H. EWING.

boughs primrose everywhere wandering

WISHING

Ring — ting ! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the
spring !

The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king !

Nay — stay ! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great, lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay !
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh — no ! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go ;
Through forest, field, or garden,
Ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing !

Well — tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Here comes the rover,
For mother's kiss; sweeter this
Than any other thing.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

meadow	squeak	forked
seldom	chipmunk	Blunder

BLUNDER

I

Blunder was going to the Wishing Gate to wish for a pair of ponies and a little coach. Of course you can have your wish, if you once get there. But the thing is to find the right gate; for it is not a great gate with a sign over the top of it, like this: WISHING GATE. It is just an old stile made of three sticks,—an old stile in the meadow. And as there are many old

stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him; that would have been against fairy rules. She could only tell him to follow the road, and to ask the way of the first owl that he met.

Blunder was a very careless little boy, and he seldom found anything that he was looking for. So his fairy godmother said over and over, "Be sure you don't miss him,—be sure you don't pass the owl." And Blunder got along very well so long as the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the woods or turn to the right?

There was an owl nodding in a tall oak tree. It was the first owl that Blunder had seen, so he was a little afraid to wake him up.

Blunder's fairy godmother had told him that the owl sits up all night to study the

ways of frogs and mice, and that he knows everything but what goes on in the day-time right under his nose. And Blunder could think of nothing better to say than, "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"What's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"Wishing Gate! Wishing Gate!" hooted the owl, in great anger. "How dare you wake me for such a thing as that? Follow your nose, sir; follow your nose!" And the owl was asleep again in a moment.

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went. "And what was the use of asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if this was

all!" While he waited, a chipmunk came running down the path. But when he saw Blunder, he stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mr. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"Indeed, I can't," answered the chipmunk. "I am so busy storing away nuts for the winter and taking care of my young family that I have little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water fairy under a slanting stone, over which the water pours all day long. I have no doubt that he can tell you."

II

spied	traveler	quarreling
witch hazel	Jack o' lantern	merrily

So Blunder went on up the brook, but he saw nothing of the slanting stone nor of

the water fairy. He was just saying to himself, "I'm sure I don't know where he is,—I can't find him," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog, "but in a pine tree over there you will find an old crow. I am quite sure he can show you the way, as he is a great traveler."

"I don't know where the pine tree is,—I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder. Still he went on up the brook, but he did not see the crow or the pine tree. At last he was so hot and tired that he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices quarreling.

"Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at my door all day, till I am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and



then another bee, and now you. Go away!
I won't let another one in to-day."

"But I want my honey! I will come in!"

"You shall not come in! I want my nap!"

Looking about him Blunder spied a bee talking with a morning glory elf. The elf was shutting the morning glory right in the bee's face.

"Elf, can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the elf, "but if you will keep on this path you will meet the Dream Man coming down from Fairyland. He will have his bag of dreams on his shoulder, and if any one can tell you about the Wishing Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered the elf, "unless you look for him."

So there was no help for it but to go on.

Blunder soon passed the Dream Man. He was asleep under the witch hazel, and he had his bags of good dreams and bad dreams laid over his shoulders.

But Blunder had never learned to use his eyes. At home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or "I can't find it." And then his mother or his sister found it for him. So he passed by the Dream Man without seeing him, and he soon stumbled on Jack o' lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and catching up his lantern he set out at once.

Blunder followed close behind him. But in watching the lantern he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole full of black mud.

"I say! the Wishing Gate is not down there," called out Jack; and then he flew off among the tree tops.

Oh, a very angry little boy was Blunder when he climbed out of that mudhole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying. "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

"That is not my fault," answered Jack, merrily, and then he danced out of sight.

III

breathe	chimney	kitchen
invisible	grumbling	wood goblin

Just then Blunder stepped on an old moss-grown stump. This stump was a wood goblin's chimney, and Blunder fell down the chimney in among the pots and pans in which the cook was cooking the goblin's supper.

The old goblin was asleep upstairs, but Blunder made such a noise that it waked him. He came stumbling down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The

cook heard the old goblin coming, and looked about her in great fright for some place to hide Blunder.

“Quick!” she cried. “If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie.



In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them and they will take you up the chimney.”

Off ran Blunder. He burst open the door, and ran wildly around the room.

The shoes stood in one corner of the room ; but of course he could not find them, because he had not learned to use his eyes. “I cannot find them ! Oh, I cannot find them !” sobbed little Blunder, running back to the cook.

“Run into the closet,” said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window. “I don’t know where the closet is !” he called out.

Thump ! Thump ! That was the goblin halfway down the stairs.

“There is a cloak hanging on that peg which will make you invisible. Get into that, and he will never see you,” cried the cook.

Blunder could not see the cloak any more than he could see the shoes and the closet. And no doubt the goblin would have found him crying out, “I can’t find it,” but just as the door opened, Blunder’s foot caught in the cloak and he tumbled

down. The cloak fell over him, and there he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

“What was all that noise about?” roared the goblin, as he came into the kitchen. He looked all around, but as he could see nothing wrong, he went grumbling upstairs again. Then the cook gave Blunder the shoes, and they carried him up the chimney and back to the meadow.

Blunder was safe enough now, but very cross. He was hungry, and it was dark, and he did not know the way home; and seeing an old stile, he climbed up and sat down on the top of it.

IV

chuckling	measure	empty
bushel	disgust	mouse skin

Just then along came the South Wind, with his pockets full of showers. And as he happened to be going Blunder’s way, he picked the boy up and took him home.



Blunder was glad enough to be going home, but he would have liked it better if the South Wind had not laughed all the way.

What would you think if you were flying along the road with a fat old gentleman, who went chuckling to himself and slapping his knees and poking himself till he was purple in the face, and then burst out in a great roar of laughter?

“What are you laughing at?” asked Blunder at last.

“I am laughing at two things that I saw in my travels,” answered the Wind. “One was a hen that starved to death sitting on an empty peck measure, standing in front of a bushel of grain, and the other was a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing Gate and came home because he could not find it.”

“What? What’s that?” cried Blunder. But just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire.

Everybody else cried: "What luck did you have? Did you find the Wishing Gate?" But his fairy godmother sat still and said nothing.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I couldn't find it." And then he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

"Yes, that is all very fine," cried his godmother, "but now hear my story. There was once a little boy who thought he must go to the Wishing Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl that he met what to do then.

"But this little boy seldom used his eyes. So he passed the first owl and waked up the wrong owl. He passed the water fairy, and found only a frog. He sat down under the pine tree, but did not see the crow. He

passed the Dream Man, and ran after Jack o' lantern. He tumbled down the goblin's chimney and couldn't find the shoes, or the closet, or the cloak. And so he sat on the top of the Wishing Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and he never knew that it was the Wishing Gate.

“Ugh! Bah!” cried the fairy godmother, and away she went up the chimney in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse skin cloak.

LOUISE CHOLLET.

STORIES OF WASHINGTON

Parson Weems, a talkative old man who lived in Washington's day, has written many stories about the boyhood of the Father of his country. One of them is the story of Washington chopping down the cherry tree, which all children know. The following stories are a few of those told by Mr. Weems.

WASHINGTON AND THE CABBAGE BED

Once George's father planted some cabbage seed in the garden, so that when it came up it would spell George's name. He told the boy nothing about it, but one day, not long after, George came running in, greatly excited. "Oh, Father, come here, come here!"

"What is the matter, my son? What is the matter?" said his father.

"Oh, come here, come here! I will show you such a sight as you never saw in all your life."

Then George took his father by the hand and led him to the garden, where his name appeared in the green cabbage bed.

"There," said George, "did you ever see such a sight in all your life?"

"It does seem strange, George."

"But, father, who made it?"

"Did it not grow by chance, my son?"

“By chance! father. Oh, no, it never grew there by chance.”

“Why not, my son?”

“Why, did you ever see such a thing in a plant bed before?”

“No, but such a thing might happen though you have never seen it before.”

“Yes, father, but I never saw little plants grow so as to make one single letter of a name, and how could they grow so as to make all the letters of my name? Surely, somebody did it. Did you not do it, father?”

His father smiled. “Yes, George, I did it. I did it to teach you a great truth; that nothing is by chance, but that, as I planned the cabbage bed for you, God plans everything for us.”

II

WASHINGTON AND THE APPLE

One fine morning Mr. Washington took little George and his cousin to the orchard.

All the ground was covered with fruit, and so many apples were upon the trees that they almost broke down under the weight.

“Now, George,” said his father, “don’t you remember that when your cousin gave you a large apple last spring, you did not want to divide it with your brothers and sisters? I told you that if you would do it, God would give you many apples in the fall. Now see all the apples!”

George hung his head and for a long time said nothing. Then he lifted his eyes and said to his father: “Well, father, only forgive me this time, and see if I am ever so stingy again.”

III

WASHINGTON AND THE COLT

Washington’s father died when the boy was quite young. George lived with his mother upon the great plantation, or farm,

which he afterwards owned. His mother gave much time to the farm, and she was very fond of her horses.

There was one colt, a beautiful sorrel, which was her favorite, but nobody had broken him. He was strong and handsome, but very wild.

One morning George and some of his boy friends were looking at the horses. The sorrel colt was among them. George said: "Boys, I am going to ride that colt." The boys urged him on. Finally they caught the colt, put a bit into his mouth, and George jumped upon his back.

The horse backed, and reared, and plunged. The boys looking on were frightened. But George kept his seat, until finally the animal gave a great leap and came down with such force that he burst a blood vessel and fell down dead.

Soon the boys went into the house, and Mrs. Washington began to ask about the colt. The boys were silent.

She said: "What is the matter?" Then George stepped forward. "The sorrel is dead, Madam," said he; "I killed him." Then he told how it happened.

Mrs. Washington was very angry at first. Then she thought: "My boy has told the truth," and her joy was greater than her anger.

IV

WASHINGTON AND THE BULLY

George was as famous for his strength and for his speed as a runner as he was for telling the truth.

One day he was sitting under a tree near the schoolhouse, reading a book. A famous wrestler came among the boys and wrestled with them one at a time. He threw them all and was boasting of his strength and skill. Then one of the boys said: "You can't throw George Washington." "I can," said the bully.

“George!” shouted the boys. “He wants to wrestle!” George did not want to wrestle, but finally consented.

It was a short bout and soon over. Afterward the champion said, “I felt myself grasped and hurled to the ground with a jar that shook the marrow of my bones.”

Is it any wonder that a boy so strong, so brave, and so honest, as George Washington, should have become a great man?

MASON L. WEEMS (*adapted*).

cupboard	wrinkled	clothespress
twisted	stirred	guessed

ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn’t go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;



For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three !

“ You are in the china closet ! ”
He would cry, and laugh with glee ;
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

“ You are up in Papa’s big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key ! ”
And she said : “ You are warm and warmer;
But you’re not quite right,” said she.

“ It can’t be the little cupboard
Where Mamma’s things used to be ;
So it must be the clothespress, Gran’ma ! ”
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree,
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half past three.

H. C. BUNNER.



nonsense

squeeze

pounced

THE WISE MOUSE AND THE FOOLISH MOUSE

One night two hungry mice entered a pantry, and to their surprise and great delight found a large piece of cheese.

"If there is one thing I like more than another, it is cheese," whispered one.

"Just so," mumbled the other as they began to make up for their long fast.

After they had been nibbling for some

time, one of them drew back as though he had eaten enough.

“What!” exclaimed his companion, “you are not going to stop yet, I hope. Why, this is the best feast we have had for many a night.”

“I admit that,” replied the other. “The cheese is certainly very nice. But you must remember that in coming here we entered through a very, very small hole indeed; and if we eat too much, we shall not be able to pass back, in case a cat should pop in upon us.”

“Nonsense,” squeaked the first. “I never saw such a mouse as you are; when I find anything good to eat, I always make the most of it and take my chances.”

So he nibbled at the cheese again, while the wise mouse, fearing for the safety of his friend, tried to pull him away before it was too late.

While they were thus engaged, a pussy

that had been watching them for some time pounced in without knocking.

The wise mouse, who had eaten only a little, reached the hole first, and easily passed through.

The silly mouse, however, who had eaten so greedily, could not run as fast ; hence he was rather slow in getting to the hole, and even after he reached it, he was too full to squeeze through.

So he stuck fast, and soon two great paws were upon him, and before long he was delivered over to the tender care of a whole family of kittens, who were soon crying out, “ Oh, Mamma ! Go get us some more mouse ! It is so nice ! ”

PALMER Cox (*adapted*).



rushy jacket crispy craggy spite

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some live in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old king sits;

He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure, here and there:
Is any man so daring
As to dig one up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

brownie	neglect	mischief	supposed
curious	deserved	dislike	forgotten

BROWNIE AND THE COOK

I

There was once a little brownie, who lived — where do you think he lived? He lived in a coal cellar!

Now a coal cellar may seem a most curious place for one to live in from choice, but a brownie is a curious creature. He is a fairy, and yet not one of those fairies who fly about on wings and dance in the moonlight. He never dances, and of what use would wings be to him in a coal cellar?

He is a sober, stay at home elf. He is nothing much to look at, even if you should see him, which you are not likely to do. He is only a little old man, about a foot high, all dressed in brown, with brown face and hands, and a brown, peaked cap, just the color of a brown mouse. And,

like a mouse, he hides in corners, and comes out only after dark, and so people sometimes call him "Mr. Nobody."

A good many persons had heard him, or supposed that they had, when there were strange noises about the house; but nobody had ever seen him except the children, the three little boys and the three little girls.

The children declared that he often came to play with them when they were alone, and that he was the nicest playmate in the world, though he was such an old man, hundreds of years old! He was full of fun and mischief and up to all sorts of tricks, but he never did anybody any harm unless the person deserved it.

Brownie was supposed to live under a piece of coal in the darkest corner of the cellar. Why he had chosen it, nobody knew; and how he lived there nobody knew, either, or what he lived upon,

except that ever since the family could remember there had always been a bowl of milk put behind the cellar door for Brownie's supper. Perhaps he drank it, and perhaps he didn't. Anyhow, the bowl was always found empty the next morning.

The old cook had lived in the family all her life, and she had never once forgotten to give Brownie his supper. But at last the old cook died, and a young cook came to take her place, who was very apt to forget everything.

She was both careless and lazy, and disliked taking the trouble to put a bowl of milk in the same place every night for Mr. Nobody.

“I don't believe in brownies,” she said. “I have never seen one, and seeing is believing!” So she laughed at the other servants, who put the bowl of milk in its place as often as they could, without saying much about it.

But once when Brownie woke up as usual at ten o'clock at night, and looked round in search of his supper, he found nothing there. At first he could not imagine such neglect, and went smelling and smelling about for his bowl of milk. It was not always placed in the same corner now, but he could not find it anywhere.

"This will never do," said he. He was very hungry, and he began running about the coal cellar to see what he could find. His eyes were like a cat's, and could see as well in the dark as in the light. But there was nothing to be seen, nothing but heaps of coal and coal dust; and even a brownie cannot eat that, you know.

"I can't stand this," said Brownie. "It is quite impossible!" Then he tightened his belt to make his poor little stomach feel less empty. He was so hungry that he seemed ready to eat his own head or his boots. "What's to be done?" said he.

“ Since no one brings my supper, I must go and get it.”

He spoke quickly, for he always thought quickly, and made up his mind in a minute. To be sure, it was a very little mind, but he did the best he could with it.

II

tidiness	disturbed	Monday	amazement
capital	stretched	snoozed	scampered
thief	vanished	hearth	dangling

There was not even a cricket singing in the silent house when Brownie put his head out of the cellar door. To his surprise he found the door open. The old cook used to lock it every night, but the young cook had left all the keys in the lock, so that any thief might have got in and gone all over the house without being found out.

“ Hurrah, here’s luck ! ” cried Brownie, tossing his cap up in the air, and bound-

ing right into the kitchen. There was no one in the kitchen, but there was a good fire burning itself out, just for its own amusement; and spread on the table were the remains of a capital supper. There was enough left for a half dozen persons.

Brownie screwed up his little old face, and turned up his little button of a nose, and gave a long whistle.

You might not believe it, as he lived in a coal cellar, but Brownie really liked tidiness, and always played his pranks upon disorderly or slovenly folk.

“ Whew ! ” said he. “ What a supper I’ll get now ! ” And he jumped on a chair and thence to the table, but so quietly that the large black cat with four white paws, which was dozing in front of the fire, just opened one eye and went to sleep again.

But Brownie had no notion of going to sleep. He wanted his supper, and oh ! what a supper he did eat ! He ate first one



thing and then another, and then he tried everything all over again. He had to let out his belt several times, and at last he had to take it off. But after he had nearly cleared the table, he was just as lively as ever, and began jumping about on the table as if he had had no supper at all.

Now there happened to be a clean, white tablecloth on the table. The cook was very untidy, but this was only Monday, and the cloth had had no time to get dirty. And you know Brownie lived in a coal cellar, and his feet were black with coal dust. So wherever he trod, he left black footmarks, until at last the whole tablecloth was covered with black marks.

But he did not mind this. In fact, he took great pains to make the cloth as dirty as possible. Then laughing loudly, "Ho, ho, ho!" he leaped down on the hearth and began teasing the cat, by squeaking like a mouse, or chirping like a cricket, or buzzing

like a fly. He disturbed poor Pussy's mind so much that she went and hid herself in the farthest corner of the kitchen and left him the hearth all to himself, where he lay at ease till daybreak.

Then he heard a noise overhead, which might be the servants getting up, and he jumped up on the table again. He gobbled up the few remaining crumbs for his breakfast, and scampered off to his coal cellar, where he hid himself under his big piece of coal, and fell fast asleep for the day.

The cook came downstairs rather earlier than usual, for she remembered that she had to clear off the supper table. But lo and behold, there was nothing left to clear off! Every bit of food was eaten up. The cheese looked as if a dozen mice had been nibbling at it, and had nibbled it down to the very rind. The milk and the cider were all gone, and mice don't care for milk

or cider, you know. The apple pudding was gone too, and the dish was licked as clean as if Boxer, the dog, had been at it.

“And my white tablecloth! oh, my clean, white tablecloth! What can have been done to it?” cried the cook. For the cloth was covered all over with little black footprints, just the size of a baby’s foot.

But babies don’t wear shoes with nails in them, and they don’t run about and climb on kitchen tables after all the family have gone to bed.

The cook was a little frightened, but her fright changed to anger when she saw the large black cat stretched comfortably on the hearth. Poor Muff had crept there for a little nap after Brownie had gone away.

“You naughty cat,” cried the cook. “I see it all now. It’s you that have eaten up all the supper. It’s you that have been on my clean tablecloth with your dirty paws.”

They were white paws, and as clean as possible, but the cook never thought of that, any more than she did of the fact that cats don't drink cider or eat apple pudding.

"I'll teach you to come stealing food in this way ; take that, and *that*, and *THAT*!"

The cook got hold of a broom and beat poor Muff till she ran away mewing. Poor cat ! She could not speak, you know, and tell people that it was Brownie who had done it all.

III

terrier	tidily	flounced	advised
accidents	managed	suddenly	tidiness

The next night the cook thought she would make all safe and sure. So, instead of letting the cat sleep by the fire, she shut her up in the chilly coal cellar, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went off to bed, leaving the supper as before.

When Brownie woke up and looked out,

there was no supper for him and the cellar was closely shut. He peered about to try to find some cranny under the door where he could creep out, but there was none.

He felt so hungry that he could almost have eaten the cat, which kept walking to and fro; only she was alive, and he couldn't well eat her alive. So he merely said politely, "How do you do, Mrs. Pussy?" Of course Pussy did not answer.

Something must be done, and luckily a brownie can do things that nobody else can do. So he thought he would change himself into a mouse and gnaw a hole through the door.

But then he suddenly remembered the cat! He had decided not to eat her, but she might eat him. So he thought it better to wait till she was fast asleep, which did not happen for a good while.

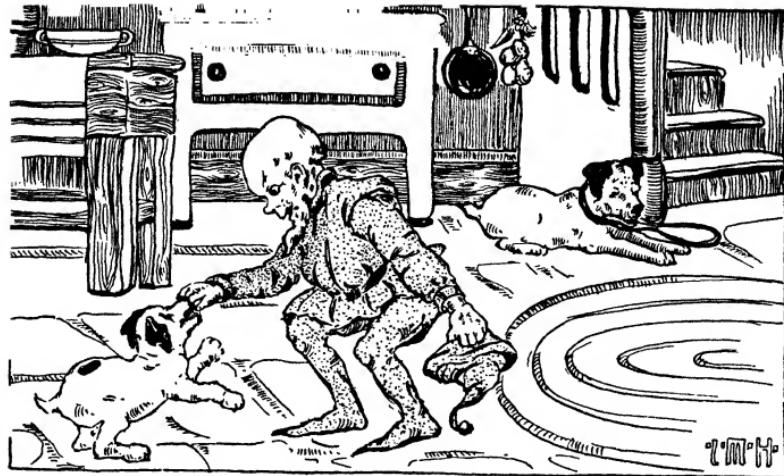
At last Pussy became tired of walking about, and so she turned round on her tail

six times, curled down in a corner, and fell fast asleep.

Brownie at once changed himself into the smallest mouse possible; and, taking care not to make the least noise, he gnawed a hole in the door and squeezed himself through. Then he turned into his proper shape again, for fear of accidents.

The kitchen fire was nearly out, but it showed even a better supper than last night; for the cook had had a brother and two cousins with her, and they had been very merry. The food they had left was enough for three brownies at least, but this one managed to eat it all up.

Once he tried to cut a great slice of beef, but he let the carving-knife and fork fall with such a clatter that Tiny, the terrier, who was tied up at the foot of the stairs, began to bark. But he brought her her puppy, which had been left in a corner of the kitchen, and so quieted her.



After that he enjoyed himself greatly and made more marks than ever on the white tablecloth. He began jumping about, in order to make his large supper agree with him.

Then he teased the puppy for an hour or two, but when he heard the clock strike five he thought it well to turn into a mouse again and creep back into his cellar. He was only just in time, for Muff opened one eye, and was just going to pounce upon

him when he changed himself back into a brownie.

She was so startled that she bounded away, her tail growing into twice its natural size and her eyes gleaming like round, green globes.

But Brownie only said, “ Ha, ha, ho ! ” and walked into his favorite corner in the coal cellar.

When the cook came downstairs and saw that the same thing had happened again, she was greatly puzzled. The supper was all eaten, and the tablecloth was blacker than ever with footmarks ! Who could have done it all ? Not the cat, who came mewing out of the coal cellar the minute she unlocked the door. Possibly a rat ; but then, would a rat have come within reach of Tiny ?

“ It must have been Tiny herself, or her puppy,” said the cook. Just then the puppy came rolling out of its basket.

“ You little wretch ! You and your mother did it. I’ll punish both of you ! ”

She quite forgot that Tiny had been safely tied up all night, and that her poor little puppy was so fat and helpless that it could hardly stand on its legs, to say nothing of jumping on chairs and tables. She gave them both such a thrashing that they ran howling together out of the kitchen door, where the kind little kitchen maid took them up in her arms.

“ You ought to have beaten the brownie ; that is, if you could have caught him,” said the kitchen maid in a whisper. “ He’ll do it again and again, you’ll see, for he can’t bear an untidy kitchen.

“ You’d better do as the poor old cook did and clear the supper things away and put the odds and ends safely away in the pantry. If I were you, I’d put a bowl of milk behind the coal cellar door.”

“ Nonsense ! ” answered the young cook,

and flounced away. But afterwards she thought better of it, and did as she was advised. She grumbled, but she did it.

The next morning the milk was gone ! Perhaps Brownie had drunk it up ; anyhow, nobody could say that he hadn't. Nobody had touched the supper which the cook had laid away on the shelves of the pantry.

The tablecloth was as clean as ever, with not a single black footprint upon it.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

FAIRY BREAD

Come up here, O dusty feet !
Here is fairy bread to eat.
Here is my retiring-room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
And the shade of pine ;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



solitudes

prowl

starry

THE LAND OF STORYBOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit.

They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track,
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes,
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they stay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowl about.

So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Storybooks.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

We all know about Mr. Lincoln, one of the greatest presidents of our country. He was a very poor boy and became a great man, through many struggles. Many stories are told about him in his childhood and youth.

Following are some of these stories :

SOME STORIES OF LINCOLN

I

LINCOLN'S SCHOOLING

Lincoln went to school only four months in all, but that does not tell of all that he studied. His school was out of doors under the trees, or in the little log cabin where he lived.

At night in the winter time, he would build a great fire of logs in the fireplace, then he would lie flat down on the floor on the hearth, with his book before him and with his head on his hands, and read and study far into the night. Some of the

books that he studied he had to walk miles to borrow."

To learn arithmetic, he had neither paper nor slate. He used instead a wooden shovel on which he made his figures with a piece of charcoal.

In the summer time he would study out of doors. At noon he would take for his dinner a piece of corn bread, and would sit down under a tree with a book and read while he was eating, and while the other men were taking naps.

An old man tells this story:

II

"I was very fond of riding with my father to the mill. One very hot day as we drove along the dusty road we saw a boy sitting on the top rail of an old-fashioned rail fence. When we came closer, we saw that the boy was reading, and had not noticed our approach.

"My father turned to me and said:

‘John, look at that boy yonder, and mark my words, he will be a great man some day. I may not see it, but you will!’ That boy was Abraham Lincoln.”

III

LINCOLN AND THE BIRDS

Lincoln was very kind to animals. Once when he was riding with other lawyers to court, he and a friend stopped to water their horses. The friend came on alone.

Some one asked, “Where is Lincoln?”

“Oh,” said the friend, “when I saw him last, he had caught two young birds, that the wind had blown out of their nest, and he was hunting for the nest to put them back into it.”

When Mr. Lincoln came, having placed the birds in the nest, the other lawyers laughed at him, but he said, “I could not have slept if I had not restored those little birds to their mother.”

LINCOLN'S HONESTY

It is told of Lincoln that anybody who ever knew him would trust him with anything. When he was a boy, he was working in a store as clerk. When the time came to close the store at night, he found that he had six cents too much. He thought hard for a long time, and then remembered that he had made the mistake in making change for a woman who had bought something of him during the day.

The woman lived three miles in the country, but though it was late at night, as soon as Lincoln had locked the store, he walked the three miles to take the six cents to the woman, and then three miles back; a six miles' walk to return six cents.

At another time, he found that he had given a quarter of a pound of tea for a half pound, by mistake, so again he took a long

walk to carry the extra quarter pound of tea to the customer.

V

LINCOLN'S COURAGE

There was war with the Indians on the frontier where young Lincoln lived. A company was organized and he was made captain. The people all were afraid of Indians, and looked upon any Indian as a foe. Many of the Indians, however, were friendly, and gave aid to the white people.

One day a poor, old, hungry Indian, without any weapon at all, came to the camp. He had a pass from the General, but forgot to show it. The soldiers thought that he was a spy, and were about to kill him. The old Indian then remembered his pass, and took it out; but they said it was false, and would not even look at it. Then the soldiers lined up to shoot the poor old man.

Captain Lincoln happened along and saw

what was going on. The soldiers were crying: "Shoot him! Shoot him!" The captain rushed in, threw up the guns, and said: "Stop! Don't fire! I command you to stop." And then he placed himself before the old Indian. Turning on the angry soldiers, he said: "Are you soldiers? And would you murder a poor old defenseless man? For shame! Such an act would disgrace our country."

The soldiers shouted, "He is a spy, he is a spy!" "If he is a spy," said Lincoln, "then we shall prove it, and he shall die. But until we do prove it, any man that takes his life will have to answer to me." The soldiers went away and left Lincoln with the old Indian.

The Indian then showed his pass, which Lincoln saw was real; so he let him go free. The poor old man could not speak his thanks, but he knelt down and kissed the feet of Captain Lincoln.

LINCOLN AND THE SENTINEL

While Lincoln was President, during the Civil War, there was in the Union army a young boy named William Scott. He had come from the mountains of Vermont, where he had lived on a farm. He had gone to bed early every night and worked hard every day.

Like the other boys in the army, he had frequently to act as sentinel at night. This meant that he must keep awake all night, and watch.

One night a friend, whose turn it was to be sentinel, was taken sick, and William offered to take his place. All night he kept wide awake and watched for the enemy.

The next night it was his own turn to be sentinel. For hours he stood trying to keep his eyes open, but at last nature was too

strong for him, and he fell asleep, tired out.

He was found fast asleep by an officer. The penalty for a sentinel's going to sleep on duty in time of war is death. So young Scott was sentenced to death. But his friends felt that he must be saved, and they went to Mr. Lincoln.

"He is as brave a boy as there is in the army," said his captain. "He is no coward.. Mr. Lincoln, can you save him?"

At first the President said, "I cannot. It is the law." But he could not rest and think of this poor boy's being shot.

So, busy as he was, he took time to visit the camp and see the young soldier. He asked William his story, and the boy told it.

Then Mr. Lincoln said, "My boy, stand up and look me in the face."

As Scott stood up, the President said, "Now, my boy, you are not going to be shot tomorrow. I believe you when you

tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment."

The poor boy broke down for a moment. Then the President continued :

"I have been put to a great deal of trouble on your account. I have come up here from Washington, where I have many duties to attend to; and what I want to know is how you are going to pay my bill?"

The young soldier choked down his sobs, and said :

"I am grateful, Mr. Lincoln. I hope I am as grateful as ever a man can be. There must be some way to pay you, and I will find it out. Can I pay you money?"

Mr. Lincoln smiled and said : "My bill is a large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor all your comrades. There is only one man in the world who can pay it, and that is William Scott. If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that he can say, 'I

have kept my promise and done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid. Will you make the promise and try to keep it?"

The boy stood erect, and raising his right hand, said : " I make the promise, and with God's help will keep it."

Selected and adapted.

THE THREE BUGS

Three little bugs in a basket,

And hardly room for *two*!

And one was yellow, and one was black,

And one like me, or you.

The space was small, no doubt, for all ;

So what should the *three* bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,

And hardly crumbs for two ;

And all were selfish in their hearts,

The same as I or you ;

So the strong ones said, " We will eat the bread,

And that's what we will do."



Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold ;
And so they fell to quarreling,
The white, the black, and the gold ;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold !

He that was left in the basket
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew !

So there was war in the basket;
Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both the bugs,
And killed and ate them too.

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree,
The black, the white, and the gold,
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug out in the cold.

ALICE CARY.

woodpecker crayfish tortoise

WHO KILLED THE OTTER'S BABIES ?

Once the Otter came to the Mouse Deer
and said, " Friend Mouse Deer, will you
please take care of my babies while I go to
the river to catch fish ? "

" Certainly," said the Mouse Deer.



But when the Otter came back from the river, with a string of fish, he found his babies crushed flat.

“What does this mean, Friend Mouse Deer?” he said. “Who killed my children while you were taking care of them?”

“I am very sorry,” said the Mouse Deer, “but you know I am Chief Dancer of the War Dance; and the Woodpecker came and sounded the war gong, so I danced. I forgot your children, and trod on them.”

“I shall go to King Solomon,” said the Otter, “and you shall be punished.”

Soon the Mouse Deer was called before King Solomon.

“Did you kill the Otter’s babies?” said the King.

“Yes, your Majesty,” said the Mouse Deer; “but I did not mean to.”

“How did it happen?” said the King.

“Your Majesty knows,” said the Mouse Deer, “that I am Chief Dancer of the War Dance. The Woodpecker came and sounded the War Gong, and I had to dance; and as I danced I trod on the Otter’s children.”

“Send for the Woodpecker,” said King Solomon. And when the Woodpecker came, he said to him, “Was it you who sounded the War Gong?”

“Yes, your Majesty,” said the Woodpecker, “but I had to.”

“Why?” said the King.

“Your Majesty knows,” said the Woodpecker, “that I am Chief Beater of the War Gong, and I sounded the gong because I saw the Great Lizard wearing his sword.”

“Send for the Great Lizard,” said King



Solomon. When the Great Lizard came, he asked him, "Was it you who were wearing your sword?"

"Yes, your Majesty knows," said the Great Lizard, "that I am Chief Protector of the Sword. I wore my sword because the Tortoise came wearing his coat of mail."

So the Tortoise was sent for.

"Why did you wear your coat of mail?" said the King.

"I put it on, your Majesty," said the

Tortoise, "because I saw the King Crab trailing his three-edged pike."

Then the King Crab was sent for.

"Why were you trailing your three-edged pike?" said King Solomon.

"Because, your Majesty," said the King Crab, "I saw that the Crayfish had shouldered his lance."

Immediately the Crayfish was sent for.

"Why did you shoulder your lance?" said the King.

"Because, your Majesty," said the Crayfish, "I saw the Otter coming down to the river to kill my children."

"Oh," said King Solomon, "if that is the case, the Otter killed the Otter's children. And the Mouse Deer cannot be held, by the law of the land!"

East Indian Tale.

THE SNOW SONG

There's a wonderful weaver,
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom.

Oh, with finest of lace
He decks bush and tree ;
On the broad, flinty meadows
A cover lays he ;
The quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last,
And the shuttle lies idle

That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad,
On the work he has done,
And cries, "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun."

GEORGE COOPER.

A LETTER BY GENERAL LEE

Robert E. Lee is the best beloved of all historical characters in the South. At one time during the war in Mexico, he wrote home to his little daughter a letter, of which the following is a part.

MY DEAR LITTLE AGNES: —

I was delighted to receive your letter, and to find that you could write so well. But how could you say that I had not written to you? Did I not write to you and Annie? I suppose you want a letter all to yourself, so here is one.

There is a nice little girl here, rather smaller than you were when I parted from

you, named Charlottita, which means little Charlotte, who is a great favorite of mine. She is quite fair, with blue eyes and long dark lashes, and has her hair plaited down her back. She cannot speak English, but has a very nimble little tongue, and jabbers French at me.

Last Sunday she and her older sister came to the palace to see me, and I took them into the garden I told you of, and got them some flowers. Afterwards I took them to see the Governor, General Smith, and showed them the rooms in the palace, some of which are very large, with pictures, mirrors, and chandeliers.

After I had shown Charlottita and her sister Isabel all these things, she said she wished to go to her Mamarita, which means little Mamma, so I led her out of the palace. She is always dressed very nicely when I see her, and keeps her clothes very clean; I hope my little girls keep theirs

just as nice, for you know I cannot bear dirty children. You must therefore study hard, and be a very nice girl, and do not forget your papa, who thinks constantly of you and longs to see you more than he can tell.

Write to me soon, and believe me always,
Your affectionate father

R. E. LEE

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

Which is the wind that brings the cold ?
The north wind, Freddie, and all the snow ;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the north begins to blow.

What is the wind that brings the heat?
The south wind, Katy ; and corn will grow,
And peaches reddens for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

What is the wind that brings the rain?
The east wind, Arty; and the farmers know

That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers ?
The west wind, Bessie ; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the west begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

SOME STORIES OF KINGS

KING ALFRED THE GREAT

I

LEARNING TO READ

Alfred was one of England's greatest kings, and had been brought up as royal princes were in those days, at his father's court. He had been taught all that his father thought that princes ought to know. Yet, when Alfred was twelve years old, neither he nor any one of his four older brothers could read.



In those days very few indeed could read, and princes did not think it worth while. Books were not printed as they are now, but were made by hand. The letters were painted on the paper. Many books so made were very beautiful indeed, as they were painted in bright colors, and the letters were beautifully made.

Prince Alfred's mother, Osburgha, was a very wise woman, and she thought that princes ought to be able to read. She could read herself, which was very, very unusual.

One day she was reading to the five princes from a book of poetry. It was a beautiful book, painted in beautiful colors, and the boys liked it. So Queen Osburgha said, "I will give this book to the boy who first learns to read it."

The other princes did not care enough for the book to take the trouble to learn to read. But Alfred at once found a teacher, and worked hard until he knew all his

letters, and could read the book. Then his mother gave it to him. He was a very proud prince, indeed, and all his life thought this one of his greatest victories.

II

ALFRED AND THE CAKES

King Alfred's father died, and Alfred, though the youngest prince, was made king in his place. He was a very wise king, but at first he had to fight his country's enemies. The Danes, who lived across the sea, made war upon England, and at first they won.

King Alfred had to scatter his army and to hide himself. He put on a peasant's frock and hid himself in the cottage of a cowherd, who did not know him. The Danes searched all the country over to find the King, but did not think of looking in a cowherd's hut.

One day the cowherd's wife was baking

some cakes. She had to go out on an errand. She left her strange guest, the King, in the kitchen, and told him to watch the cakes and see that they did not burn.

The King sat by the fire, making bows and arrows to use against the Danes when the time came. He had other things to think of than the cakes. He was planning to get his followers together and drive the Danes from the country. So, alas! the cakes burned.

The cowherd's wife came in by and by, and saw what had happened. Then she scolded the King in good earnest. "What!" she said, "you will be ready enough to eat them, by and by, yet you could not watch them, you idle dog!"

The king said nothing, but smiled to himself. Later, when the poor woman found out that her guest had been King Alfred, how do you suppose she felt?

CHARLES DICKENS (*adapted*).

KING HENRY THE FIRST

A TEMPERANCE STORY

liege accompanied favorite

Henry the First was King of England. He had been in France, and was now about to return home. He had a great fleet of ships, and with him were many nobles. Chief among them was the prince, his son.

As he was about to sail, there came to the King Fitz Stephen, a sea captain, and said:—

“ My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor there, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire,



to let your servant have the honor of steering you in the White Ship to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that therefore I cannot sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterwards, the King set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by the other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of those ships heard a faint, wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was his father's favorite, but he was a wild and bad young man. After the King had sailed, he went aboard the White Ship with one hundred and forty

young nobles, including eighteen ladies. All this gay company with their servants and their fifty sailors made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

“Give three casks of wine, Fitz Stephen,” said the prince, “to the fifty sailors of renown! My father the King has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here and yet reach England with the rest?”

“Prince,” said Fitz Stephen, “before morning my fifty sailors and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the King, if we sail at midnight!”

Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the White Ship.

When, at last, she shot out of the harbor, there was not a sober seaman on board.

But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of the White Ship.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry that the people in the distant vessels of the King heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock — was filling — going down!

Fitz Stephen hurried the prince into a boat, with some few nobles. “Push off,” he whispered; “and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die.”

But, as they rowed away, fast, from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie, calling for help. He never

in his life had been so manly as he was then. He cried in an agony: “Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!”

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was overset. And in the same instant the White Ship went down.

Only two men floated. They both clung to the mainyard of the ship, which had broken from the mast. One asked the other who he was. He said: “I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name. And you?” “I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen,” was the answer. Then they both said together, “Lord be merciful to us both!”

By and by, another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his hair, to be Fitz Stephen.

“Where is the prince?” said he. “Gone! Gone!” the two cried together. “Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the

King's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, except us three, has risen above the water!"

Fitz Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe! woe to me!" and sank.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly: "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sank; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the King. At length they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lost with all on board. The King fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterwards was seen to smile.

CHARLES DICKENS (*adapted*).

DAYS OF BIRTH

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go.
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living.
And the child that is born on the Sabbath
Day
Is fair and wise, good and gay.

Old English Rhyme.

Charlemagne wrestling consequence

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE SCHOOLBOYS

I

King Charles the Great of France, known as Charlemagne, was a great king and a wise one. After many long years of dreadful war, he had conquered his enemies and brought peace to the land.

During the wars the schools had been closed, and people had almost forgotten them. But Charles had not forgotten them. He knew that boys and girls should go to school. So he sent out an order that the children should begin to go to school once more.

So long had the schools been closed that even Charlemagne himself could hardly write his own name.

Most men were so ignorant that they were proud of it, and said that learning was not worth bothering about, that wrestling and fighting were of more consequence. But Charlemagne insisted that the boys must go to school, whether they liked it or not; and all boys had to go, no matter how rich and powerful their fathers were. Though many thought it a waste of time, all had to obey the King; for in those days Kings both made all the laws and saw to it that they were obeyed.

II

Alcuin	rudeness	example
confusion	tinged	bravery

Louis and Roland were the sons of Count Alcuin, who had a great castle and many acres of land, which the King had given him as a reward for his bravery in the wars.

When the King's order came to build schools, Count Alcuin built one near his castle, and found for it a schoolmaster, whose name was Wilfred. Then he called Louis and Roland to him and told them that they must go to the school, since the King willed it so.

“But all the common boys go there,” said Louis. “They are the sons of our tenants, and it is not right that we should study in the same room with them.”

“It is the King's will,” Count Alcuin replied; and so they had to go.

They found Wilfred, the schoolmaster, a pale, thin young man, who did not look as though he knew anything about wrestling or fighting. This made them feel worse than before; but at first they studied the lessons Wilfred gave them because they knew that they must obey their father. But neither of them could get their lessons as well as some of the farmer boys did.

This made Louis very angry, because he thought that the farmer boys ought not to know more than he, since he would one day be their ruler, when he became the Count in place of his father. He grew very cross and surly with the schoolmaster, until Wilfred was at the end of his wits to know how to manage him.

Finally Wilfred, the schoolmaster, could bear the rudeness of the two boys no longer. Their example was having such a bad effect upon the other boys that he saw that he would soon have to close the school,

unless something could be done to stop it; and yet he was afraid to punish them as they deserved, because he did not know what the Count Alcuin would think of it.

But at last, one morning when he was hearing their reading lesson, Louis ran out of the room and threw a snowball through the window at Roland. All the boys went into shouts of laughter, and the lesson came to an end.

“Stop!” cried the poor schoolmaster, losing his temper. “If you do not stop, I shall give you all a sound whipping.”

This threat only made the boys worse, for they thought that if he had been going to whip them at all, he would have done it long ago. Instead of snowballing one another, they all turned upon him, and gave him such a pelting that he was driven into a corner, where he tried to protect his head with his arms.

The schoolhouse was filled with laughter and shouting, the windows were broken, and everything was in confusion.

There was so much noise inside that the boys did not hear the tread of horses' feet and the jingling of armor in the street. They did not know that there were strangers in the town, until the door suddenly opened and a man whom they had never seen before entered the room.

They all turned toward him, and stood with their mouths open and their snowballs in their hands, staring at him. He was a tall man, with a flowing beard, tinged with gray, and clear blue eyes which seemed to look the boys through and read what they were thinking about. A long red cloak fell from his shoulders over his armor, which they could see was inlaid with gold, and he wore a great gold chain about his neck.



III

immediately	conquered	subdued
henceforth	authority	rekindled

Wilfred, the schoolmaster, was the first to speak. As soon as he could rub the snow out of his eyes, he looked at the tall man who stood frowning in the doorway and uttered a cry.

“The King!” he said, and fell upon his knees and clasped his hands together. The man in the cloak stepped into the room.

“What is all this?” he said, waving his hand around at the confusion.

“I beg your pardon, your Majesty,” the schoolmaster said. “They are good boys, but sometimes they — ”

“I see,” said Charlemagne, with a smile. “I will teach this school for a while. Stand behind me.”

“Come forward,” he said to the boys, who were still standing, not daring to move

hand or foot before the King. "Stand there in a row."

"Who are you?" the King said, fixing his eyes upon Louis.

"I am the son of Count Alcuin," said Louis, proudly.

"And who are the other boys?" said the King again.

"They are the sons of our tenant farmers," Louis replied.

"Very well, you may read," Charlemagne said, and Wilfred gave them their books.

Louis began, and for the first time he was sorry that he had not paid more attention to his lessons. He stumbled over the words, and called most of them wrong. Before long he was forced to give up, and Roland tried. He did little better than Louis. Then each of the other boys read in turn. The farmer boys read much better than Louis and Roland.

"Is that the head of the class where you

stand?" the King asked, when they had finished their trial.

"It is," said Louis, proudly.

"Then it is no longer," the King replied. "The other end of the class shall be the head henceforth, and if you would win it, you must learn more than those who now excel you in knowledge."

Louis' face flushed, for he was very proud, and not even his fear for the King could prevent him from answering:—

"I am the eldest son of Count Alcuin, who rendered brave service to you in the wars," he said. "It is not fitting that I should stand below our serfs."

"It is fitting that you should stand where the King tells you to stand," Charlemagne replied calmly.

"Think not that because your father has done brave service you are the better for it. If you would earn reward from me, you must learn to deserve it. We have not conquered

the world and subdued the savage people for nothing. I have decreed that learning shall come back to the land, so that the light may be rekindled in the dark places. It is for you, because you are the son of one of my brave warriors, to aid me and to obey."

He rose to his feet, very tall in the little room, and turning, he placed his hand upon the shoulder of Wilfred, the schoolmaster.

"I make this man your captain," he said in a solemn voice. "When I am gone, his voice shall be my voice. See that you obey."

With these words he turned and left the room, stooping as he passed through the door.

In after years Louis and Roland went to the court and served the King as their father had done before them, and did many brave deeds in the wars against the enemies of France.

Old French Chronicle.



THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat ;
They had some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar :

“ O, lovely Pussy ! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful pussy you are, you are,
What a beautiful pussy you are ! ”

Pussy said to the Owl : “ You elegant fowl !
How wonderfully sweet you sing !

O let us be married,— too long we have tar-
ried,—

But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong tree grows;
And there in the wood, a Piggy wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,—

His nose,

With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
shilling

Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."

So they took it away, and were married next
day

By the turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,—

The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.

sigh

scarlet

stirred

THE ANXIOUS LEAF

Once upon a time, a little leaf was heard to cry and sigh as leaves often do when there is a gentle wind about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

And the leaf said, "The wind has just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly and you shall not go until you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on rustling and singing.

Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, its branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and

down merrily, as if nothing ever could pull it off.

And so it grew all summer long until October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, some were scarlet, and some striped with both colors.

Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color on them, and so the leaf said, "Oh, branches, why are you lead color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holidays, because your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air ; and then it fell gently down under the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and began to dream a dream so beautiful that perhaps it will last forever.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,

There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better,

They are only one times one.



O Moon! in the night I have seen you
sailing

And shining so round and low;

You were bright, ah, bright! but your light
is failing,

You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something
wrong in heaven,

That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have, you will soon be
forgiven,

And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow ;
You've powdered your legs with gold !

O brave marshmary buds, rich and
yellow,

Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtledoves dwell !

O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

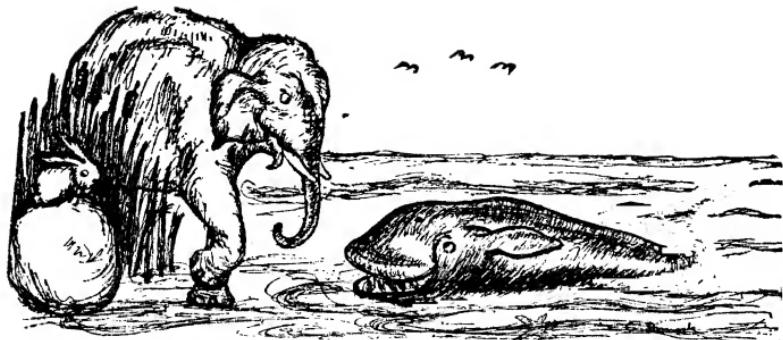
And show me your nest with the young
ones in it ;

I will not steal it away ;

I am old ! you must trust me, linnet,
linnet,

I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.



crouched	listened	compliment
trumpeted	quarter	obliging

BROTHER RABBIT, THE WHALE, AND THE ELEPHANT

One day little Brother Rabbit was running along on the sand, lippety, lippety, when he saw the Whale and the Elephant talking together. Little Brother Rabbit crouched down and listened to what they were saying. This was what he heard :—

“ You are the biggest thing on the land, Brother Elephant,” said the Whale, “ and I am the biggest thing in the sea ; if we join together, we can rule all the animals in the

world, and have our own way about everything."

"Very good, very good," said the Elephant. "That suits me; we will do it."

Little Brother Rabbit laughed to himself. "They will not fool me," he said. He ran away and got a very long, very strong rope, and he got his big drum, and hid the drum a long way off in the bushes. Then he went along the beach till he came to the Whale.

"Oh, please, dear, strong Mr. Whale," he said, "will you have the great kindness to help me? My cow is stuck in the mud, a quarter of a mile from here, and I cannot pull her out. But you are so strong and so obliging, that I am sure that you will do it for me."

The Whale was so pleased with the compliment that he said, "Yes," at once.

"Then," said the Rabbit, "I will tie this end of my long rope to you, and I will run

away and tie the other end to my cow, and when I am ready, I will beat my big drum. When you hear that, pull very, very hard, for the cow is stuck deep in the mud.”

“Huh!” grunted the Whale, “I will pull her out, if she is in the mud to her horns.”

Little Brother Rabbit tied the rope end to the Whale, and ran off, lippety, lippety, till he came to the place where the Elephant was.

“Oh, please, kind and mighty Elephant,” he said, making a very low bow, “will you do me a favor?”

“What is it?” asked the Elephant.

“My cow is stuck in the mud, about a quarter of a mile from here,” said little Brother Rabbit, “and I cannot pull her out. Of course you could, if you will be so very obliging as to help me.”

“Certainly,” said the Elephant, grandly, “certainly.”

“Then,” said little Brother Rabbit, “I will tie one end of this long rope to your



trunk, and the other to my cow, and as soon as I have tied her tight I will beat my big drum. When you hear that, pull ! pull as hard as you can ! for my cow is very heavy."

"Never fear," said the Elephant, "I could pull twenty cows."

"I am sure you could," said the Rabbit, politely; "only be sure to begin gently, and pull harder and harder till you get her."

Then he tied the end of the rope tight around the Elephant's trunk, and ran away into the bushes. Then he sat down and beat the drum.

The Whale began to pull, and the Elephant began to pull, and in a second the rope was so tight that you could hear it creak.

"This is a very heavy cow," said the Elephant, "but I will pull her out!" And he braced his fore feet in the earth, and gave a great strong pull.

"Dear me," said the Whale. "That

cow must be stuck very fast ; " and he drove his tail deep in the water, and gave a whale's pull.

He pulled harder ; the Elephant pulled harder.

Pretty soon the Whale found himself sliding towards the land. The reason was, of course, that the Elephant had something solid to brace against, and, as fast as he pulled the rope in a little, he took a turn with it round his trunk.

But when the Whale found himself sliding toward the land, he was so angry with the cow that he dove, head first, down to the bottom of the sea. That was a pull ! The Elephant was jerked off his feet, and came slipping and sliding to the beach, and into the surf. He was very, very angry. He braced himself with all his might and pulled his best. As he pulled, up came the Whale out of the water.

" Who is pulling me ? " spouted the Whale.

“Who is pulling me?” trumpeted the Elephant.

And each saw the rope in the other’s hold.

“I will teach you to play cow!” roared the Elephant.

“I will show you not to fool me!” spouted the Whale.

And they began to pull again. But this time the rope broke; the Whale sat down



on the bottom of the sea, and the Elephant fell over on his back.

Then they were both so angry that neither would speak to the other. So that broke up the bargain between them.

And little Brother Rabbit sat in the bushes and laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

East Indian Tale.

fluttered disappointed tumbling

THE DISAPPOINTED SNOWFLAKES

Four and twenty snowflakes
Came tumbling from the sky,
And said, "Let's make a snowdrift;
We can if we but try."

So down they gently fluttered
And lighted on the ground,
And when they were all seated
They sadly looked around.

"We're very few indeed," sighed they,
"And we sometimes make mistakes;

We cannot make a snowdrift
With four and twenty flakes."

Just then the sun peeped round a cloud
And smiled at the array,
And the disappointed snowflakes
Melted quietly away.

REDMAN.

concluded	multitude	delightful
condition	ungentle	faithfully
gossamer	immortal	mignonette

THE IMMORTAL FOUNTAIN

I

Long, long ago two little princesses lived in Scotland. One of them was very, very beautiful, and the other dwarfish, and very ugly.

The sisters did not live happily together. Marian hated Rose because she was handsome and because everybody praised her. She scowled when anybody told her how pretty her little sister Rose was. No

wonder all the family and all the neighbors disliked Marian, and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier every day.

One summer noon, when all was still save the faint twittering of the birds and the lazy hum of the insects, Marian entered a deep grotto. She sank down on a bank of moss ; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets ; and with the sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber.

When she awoke, a figure of real loveliness stood before her, and thus she sang : —

“ The Fairy Queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mold
Within her door,
. On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou seest is fair ;
Quick thy purposes declare.”

Then, the song was taken up and thrice

repeated by a multitude of soft voices in the distance.

It seemed as if the birds and insects joined in the chorus.

All these delightful sounds soon died away and the Queen of the Fairies stood patiently awaiting Marian's answer. Courtesying low, and with trembling voice, the little maid said:—

“Will it please your Majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?”

“I will grant your request,” she said, “if you will promise to fulfill all the conditions I propose.”

Marian eagerly promised that she would.

“Go home, now,” said the Queen. “For one week speak no ungentle word to your sister; at the end of that time, come again to the Grotto.”

The end of the week arrived, and Marian had faithfully kept her promise.

Again she went to the Grotto..

“Mortal, hast thou fulfilled thy promise?” asked the Queen.

“I have,” answered Marian.

“Then follow me.”

Marian did as she was directed, and away they went over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a musical sound.

Presently they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies clothed in green gossamer.

II

fragrant	journey	different
amiable	redoubled	atmosphere
boundary	cascade	envious

The Queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away.



The hill was steep. And far, far up they went; the air became more fragrant, and more distinctly they heard the sound of the waters falling in music.

At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed.

“Here,” said the Queen, “our journey must end. You can go no farther until you have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now; for one month do by your sister, in all respects, as you would wish her to do by you, were you Rose and she Marian.”

Marian promised and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. When Rose asked her for any of her playthings, she found it difficult to give them gently and pleasantly, instead of pushing them along. When Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence; and when a mirror was found in her sister’s

room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she had done it. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Marian had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose ; "she is so good and amiable."

"So do I," said a dozen voices.

Marian blushed deeply, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"How pleasant it is to be loved!" thought she.

At the end of the month she went to the Grotto again.

The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands and flew away. They traveled on ; the path grew steeper and steeper ; but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled, and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music.

Their course was stayed by a troop of

fairies in rainbow robes, and silver wands tipped with gold. "Here must we pause," said the Queen; "this boundary you cannot yet pass."

"Why not?" asked the impatient Marian.

"Because they must be very pure who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the Queen. "They must be pure in thought as well as action.

"Return home; for three months never indulge in an envious or a wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain."

Marian was sad at heart, for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

When she again visited the palace of Beauty, the Queen smiled and then led her away to the Immortal Fountain.

The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright as she ap-

proached them, and they lowered their wands and sang as they flew away:—

“ Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won,
For such, I ween,
Is the will of the Queen,—
Pass on, pass on ! ”

And now every footstep was on flowers that yielded beneath their feet. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, and loud, clear, and liquid came the sound of the waters as they fell in music.

And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks, and, deep and silent below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain.

Its amber colored waves flow over a golden bed; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds on their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

“ Oh, let me bathe in the fountain,” cried Marian, clasping her hands in delight.

“Not yet,” said the Queen. “Go home, for another year, drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in this Fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable for its own sake.”

III

prevailed luster conscience

This was the hardest task of all. For she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she wished to be beautiful.

Three times she sought the Grotto, and three times she left in tears. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies that guarded the brink of the fountain lowered their wands, singing:—

“Thou hast scaled the mountain,
Go, bathe in the Fountain;
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light;
Go, bathe in the fountain.”

Marian was about to plunge in, but the Queen touched her, saying: "Look in the mirror of waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart could desire?"

Marian looked at herself, and saw that her eyes sparkled with a new luster, that a bright color shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth.

"I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the Queen.

"True," replied the Queen, "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and a clear conscience are the only immortal fountains of beauty."

Ever after the sisters lived happily together.

It was the remark of everyone: "How handsome Marian has grown; the ugly scowl has gone from her face. I declare, she is as handsome as Rose."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT

A brown bird sang on a blossoming tree,
Sang in the moonshine, merrily,
Three little songs, one, two, and three,
A song for his wife, for himself, and me.

He sang for his wife, sang low, sang high,
Filling the moonlight that filled the sky ;
“Thee, thee, I love thee, heart alive.
Thee, thee, and thy round eggs five.”

He sang to himself, “What shall I do
With this life that thrills me through and
through ?

Glad is so glad that it turns to ache.
Out with it, song, or my heart will
break.”

He sang to me, “Man, do not fear,
Though the moon goes down and the dark
is near ;

Listen to my song and rest thine eyes ;
Let the moon go down that the sun may
rise.”

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE MOON

Years and years ago, the moon was always round.

In those days there lived four snakes. These snakes had their homes in the sky. Northern lived in the north, Southern lived in the south, Eastern lived in the east, and Western lived in the west.

As they journeyed about the sky, they often met and they became good friends.

One night, Northern met his friend Southern. "It is a very long time since we have seen each other. Will you not come home with me? I know it is cold in the north, where I live, but we can keep warm under the snowdrifts."

"Thank you very much, my friend, but I fear I should die. The North is too cold for me. Suppose you come south with me. We will stop in the east and see our friend Eastern."

So the two snakes set out for the south. On the way they stopped in the east.

Eastern had just left home, so Northern and Southern hurried on and soon overtook him.

“Good morning, Eastern. We have just been at your home. Finding you were out, we came this way. We thought we might overtake you.”

“Indeed, I am sorry I was not at home. But I am very glad you have found me. I am on my way west to see our good friend Western. Will you go with me?”

So Northern, Southern, and Eastern went to see Western. Western was pleased to have his old friends visit him. They stayed for many days.

Then all together they journeyed to the center of the sky. Now it was a long journey and they were very hungry.

“Let us feast on the moon,” said Northern.

After feasting for several nights
the moon looked like this:



Then in a few more nights it
looked like this:



Then it grew smaller until only
as much as this was left:



And the next night, it was all gone.
Then Northern, Southern, and Eastern
said good-by to Western. Each went back
to his home. When they reached home,
the moon had grown to its full size again.
So, every month since, the snakes have
journeyed to the moon.

If you watch the moon, you can see
it grow smaller through the month, which
shows that the snakes are still feasting.

Indian Legend.

SLEIGH SONG

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.
As it swiftly scuds along,
Hear the burst of happy song;
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white.
See them, with capricious pranks,
Plowing now the drifted banks;
Jingle, jingle, 'mid the glee
Who amongst them cares for me?
Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow,
Not a single robe they fold
To protect them from the cold.
Jingle, jingle, 'mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills;
Jingle, jingle, clear the way.
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

PETTEE.

resolved	sentenced	wonderful
pitied	sorrowfully	whoever
treasury	consult	plaguing

THE GRATEFUL BEASTS

I

A certain man had lost almost all his money. So he resolved to set off with the little that was left him, and to travel in the wide world.

The first place he came to was a village, where the young people were running about, crying and shouting.

“What is the matter?” asked he.

“See here,” said they, “we have caught a mouse, and we are making her dance. Do look at her; what a droll sight it is! how she jumps about!”

But the man pitied the poor little thing and said, “Let the mouse go, and I will give you money.” So he gave them some money and took the mouse and let it run.

It soon jumped into a hole that was close by, and was out of their reach.

Then he traveled on and came to another village. There the children had got an ass that they made to stand on its hind legs, and tumble, and cut capers ; at this they laughed and shouted, and gave the poor beast no rest. So the poor man gave them some of his money to let the poor thing go away in peace.

At the next village he came to, the young people had found a bear that had been taught to dance, and they were plaguing the poor thing sadly. Then he gave them too some money to let the beast go, and the bear was very glad to get on his four feet, and seemed quite at his ease and happy again.

But now the man found that he had given away all the money he had in his pocket, and had not a shilling in the world.

Then said he to himself : "The king has heaps of gold in his treasury, and I should



like just to look at it. I think it would make me feel better." So he managed to get into the treasury, and took a good look at the king's money. But as he came out, the guards saw him, and said he was a thief; they took him to the judge, and he was sentenced to be thrown into the lake in a box. The lid of the box was full of holes to let in air, and a jug of water and a loaf of bread were given him.

Whilst he was floating along in the water very sorrowfully, he heard something nibbling and biting at the lock. All of a sudden it fell off, the lid flew open, and there stood his friend, the little mouse. And then came his other friends, the ass and the bear, and pulled the box ashore.

But now they did not know what to do next. So they began to consult together, when a sudden wave threw on the shore a white stone that looked like an egg.

Then the bear said: "How very lucky! This is a wonderful stone, and whoever has it can have everything else that he wishes."

So the man picked up the stone, and wished for a palace and a garden, and a stable full of horses; and his wish was fulfilled as soon as he had made it.

There he lived in his palace and garden, with fine stables and horses; and all was so grand and beautiful that he never could gaze at it enough.

II

robbers	bargain	counsel
princely	abode	rascally

After a time some robbers passed by that way. “ See,” said they, “ what a princely palace ! The last time we were here, it was nothing but a desert.”

They were very eager to know how all this had happened ; so they went in and asked the master of the palace how it had been so quickly raised.

“ I have done nothing myself,” said he ; “ it is the wonderful stone that did it all.”

“ What a strange stone that must be ! ” said they. Then he invited them in and showed it to them.

Then one of the robbers struck him a blow and another took the stone.

Scarcely was the stone out of the good man’s hands when all his riches were gone, and he found himself sitting in his box in

the lake, with his jug of water and loaf of bread by his side.

The grateful beasts, the mouse, the ass, and the bear, came directly to help him ; but the mouse found she could not nibble off the lock this time, for it was a great deal stronger than before.

Then the bear said, “ We must find the wonderful stone again, or all we can do will be useless.” The robbers, meantime, had taken up their abode in the palace.

Away went the three friends, and when they came near the palace, the bear said : “ Mouse, go in and look through the key-hole and see where the stone is kept. You are small ; nobody will see you.”

The mouse did as she was told, but soon came back and said: “ Bad news ! I have looked in, and the stone hangs under the looking-glass by a red silk string, and on each side of it sits a great cat with fiery eyes to watch it.”



Then the others took counsel together, and said, "Go back again, and wait till the master of the palace is in bed asleep, then nip his nose and pull his hair."

Away went the mouse and did as they told her, and the master jumped up very angry, and rubbed his nose and cried:—

"Those rascally cats are good for nothing at all, they let the mice eat my very nose and pull the hair off my head."

Then he drove them out of the room, and so the mouse had the best of the game.

III

threshold shoulder ill-mannered

The next night, as soon as the master was asleep, the mouse crept in again and nibbled at the red silken string to which the stone hung, till down it dropped.

She rolled it along to the door ; but when it got there, the poor little mouse was quite tired, and said to the ass, “ Put in your foot and lift it over the threshold.” This was soon done, and they took the stone and set off for the lakeside. Then the ass said, “ How shall we reach the box ? ”

“ This is easily managed, my friend,” said the bear ; “ I can swim very well, and do you, donkey, put your fore feet on my shoulders ; — mind and hold fast, and take the stone in your mouth. As for you, mouse, you can sit in my ear.”

It was settled thus, and away they swam. After a time the bear began to brag and boast. "We are brave fellows, are we not, ass?" said he. "What do you think?" But the ass held his tongue and said not a word.

"Why don't you answer me?" said the bear; "you must be an ill-mannered brute not to speak when you're spoken to."

When the ass heard this, he could hold his tongue no longer; so he opened his mouth and dropped the wonderful stone.

"I could not speak," said he. "Did not you know I had the stone in my mouth? Now it is lost and it is your fault."

"Do but hold your tongue and be quiet," said the bear, "and let us think what's to be done."

At last they called together all the frogs, their wives and families, relations and friends, and said:

"The best friend of animals in the world

needs your help. He must have the stones on the bottom of the river."

The frogs, hearing this, set to work bringing up all the stones they could find.

At last came a large, fat frog pulling along the wonderful stone by the string.

When the bear saw it, he jumped for joy, and said, "That is what we wanted."

So he relieved the old frog of his load, and thanked the frogs for their help.

Then the three friends swam off again to the box. The lid flew open, and they found they were but just in time, for the bread was all eaten, and the jug was almost empty.

As soon as the good man had the stone in his hand, he wished himself safe and sound in his palace again. In a moment there he was, with his garden and his stables and his horses. His three faithful friends dwelt with him, and they all spent their time happily and merrily as long as they lived.

Irish Folk Tale.

daffodil
pheasant

primrose
gillyflowers

sheaves
whirling

THE MONTHS

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings thunder showers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Brown October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast.
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fir, and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE.

THE TAILOR AND THE THREE BEASTS

I

There was once a tailor in Galway, who started to go to the king's court at Dublin.

The king had promised his daughter and a great deal of money to any one who should be able to build up his court.

The trouble was, that three giants lived in the wood near the court, and every night they came out of the wood and threw down all that had been built by day.

The tailor had not gone far when he met a white horse, and he saluted him.

“God save you,” said the tailor.

“God save you,” said the horse. “Where are you going?”

“I am going to Dublin,” said the tailor, “to build a court for the king and to get a lady for a wife, if I can.”

“Will you make me a hole,” said the old white horse, “where I can go and hide whenever the people would take me to the mill or to the kiln? for I am worn out doing work for them.”

“I’ll do that indeed,” said the tailor, “and gladly.”

He brought his spade and shovel, and he made a hole; then he told the old white horse to go down into it, that he might see if it would fit him. The white horse went down into the hole, but when he tried to come up again, he could not.

“Make a path for me now,” said the

white horse, "so that I can come up out of the hole, whenever I am hungry."

"I will not," said the tailor; "stay where you are until I come back, and then I will let you out."

The tailor went forward the next day, and a fox met him.

"God save you," said the fox.

"God save you," said the tailor.

"Where are you going?" said the fox.

"I'm going to Dublin, to try to make a court for the king."

"Will you make a place for me where I can hide?" said the fox. "The rest of the foxes beat me, and they do not allow me to eat anything with them."

"I'll do that for you," said the tailor.

He took his ax and he took his saw, and he made a box like a crate. Then he told the fox to get into it so that he could see whether it would fit him.

The fox went into it, and then the tailor

shut him in. When the fox was satisfied at last that he had a nice place within the crate, he asked the tailor to let him out, and the tailor answered that he would not.

“Wait there until I come back again,” said he.

The tailor went forward the next day, and he had not walked very far until he met a lion; and the lion saluted him.

“God save you,” said the lion.

“God save you,” said the tailor.

“Where are you going?” said the lion.

“I’m going to Dublin to make a court for the king if I can,” said the tailor.

“If you were to make a plow for me,” said the lion, “I, with the other lions, could be plowing, so that we might have a bit to eat after the harvest.”

“I’ll do that for you,” said the tailor.

He brought his ax and his saw, and he made a plow. When the plow was made, he put a hole in the beam of it.

Then he told the lion to go in under the yoke, so that he could see how good a plowman he was. He placed the lion's tail in the hole he had made for it, and then clapped in a peg, so that the lion was not able to draw out his tail again.

“Loose me now,” said the lion, “and we'll fix ourselves and go plowing.”

The tailor said he would not loose him until he came back himself. He left him there, and he went on to Dublin.

II

contrivance sledge finished

When he came to Dublin, he got workmen and began to build the court. At the end of the day he had the workmen put a great stone on the top of the work.

When the great stone was raised up, the tailor built a contrivance under it so that he could throw it down as soon as the giant came under it. Then the work people



went home, and the tailor hid behind the big stone.

When the darkness of the night was come, he saw the three giants arrive. They began throwing down the court, but when they came to the place where the tailor was hiding, one of them struck a blow with his sledge. Then the tailor threw down the stone, and it fell on the giant and killed him.

The other giants then went home and left the rest of the court, without throwing it down.

The workmen came again the next day, and worked until night. As they were going home, the tailor told them to put the big stone on the top of the work, as they had done the night before. They placed the stone and then went home. The tailor hid himself as he had done the evening before.

When the people had all gone to rest, the



two giants came, and began throwing down all that was before them, and shouted aloud.

The tailor watched one of the giants until he was underneath, then he threw down the great stone, and it fell upon the skull of the giant and killed him. There was only the one giant left, and he did not come again until the court was finished.

When the work was over, the tailor went to the king and asked him to give him his wife and his money, as he had finished the court.

But the king said that he would not give him his wife until he had killed the other giant.

III

Then the tailor went to the place where the other giant was, and asked him if he wanted a servant boy. The giant said he did want one, if he could get one who would do everything that he would do himself.

“ Anything that you will do, I will do.” said the tailor. Then they went to their dinner, and when they had eaten, the giant asked the tailor, “ Will you swallow as much broth as I will? ”

The tailor said, “ I will, but you must give me an hour before we begin.”

Then the tailor went out and got a sheep skin and sewed it up and made a bag of it, and slipped it down under his coat. Then he came in and told the giant to drink a gallon of broth himself first. The giant did so.



"I'll do that too," said the tailor. So he poured it all into the skin under his coat, and the giant thought he had drunk it.

Then the giant drank another gallon, and the tailor poured another gallon down into the skin, but the giant thought he drank it.

"I'll do a thing now that you cannot do," said the tailor.

"You will not," said the giant. "What is it you would do?"

“ Make a hole and let out the broth again,” said the tailor.

“ Do it yourself first,” said the giant.

The tailor gave the sheepskin bag a prod with his knife, and he let the broth out.

“ You do that,” said he.

“ I will,” said the giant, and he gave himself such a prod with the knife that he killed himself. That is the way the tailor killed the third giant.

IV

Then the tailor went to the king and said :

“ Send out my wife and my money, or I will throw down the court again.”

They were afraid that he would throw down the court, so they sent his wife out to him.

When the tailor had been gone a day with his wife, the people repented and followed him to take his wife away from him.

They followed him until they came to

the place where the lion was, and the lion said to them :—

“ The tailor and his wife were here yesterday. I saw them going by, and if you loose me now, I am swifter than you and I will follow them till I overtake them.”

Then they loosed the lion.

The lion and the people of Dublin pursued the tailor until they came to the place where the fox was, and the fox said to them :—

“ The tailor and his wife were here this morning, and if you will loose me, I am swifter than you and I will follow them, and overtake them.”

Then they loosed the fox.

The lion and the fox and the people of Dublin went on after the tailor. Soon they came to the place where the old white horse was, and the old horse said to them :—

“ The tailor and his wife were here this morning. But loose me; I am swifter than you and I will overtake them.”

They loosed the horse, and the old white horse, the fox, the lion, and the people of Dublin pursued the tailor, and soon they came up with them.

When the tailor saw them coming, he got out of the coach, with his wife, and sat down on the ground.

When the old white horse saw the tailor sitting on the ground, he said, “That’s the position he had when he made the hole for me, so that I could not come up out of it. I’ll not go near him.”

“That’s the way,” said the fox, “he was when he was making the box for me; I’ll go no nearer to him.”

“That’s the way he was, when he was under the plow that I was caught in,” said the lion; “I’ll go no nearer to him.”

Then they all left him and returned to Dublin, and the tailor and his wife came home to Galway, very rich and happy.

Irish Folk Tale.

rollicking	juice	orange tawny
coaxes	Easter	visions

SIR ROBIN

Rollicking Robin is here again.
 What does he care for the April rain?
 Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
 That the April rain carries off the snow,
 And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
 And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
 And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
 For his hungry little robins to eat?
 "Ha, ha, ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh;
 "That isn't the best of the story, by half!"

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
 Dressed in orange tawny and black and
 brown.

Though his eye is so proud and his step
 so firm,
 He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
 With a twist of his head, and a strut and a
 hop,

To his Robin wife, in the peach tree top,
Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
You don't earn your living! Come here!"

Come here!

Ha, ha, ha! Life is lovely and sweet;
But what would it be if we'd nothing to
eat?"

Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red vested Knight,
Now you have come to us, summer's in
sight.

You never dream of the wonders you
bring,—

Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful By and by

Around you and after you seems to fly!

Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind!

Well have you earned every morsel you find.

"Ay ha, ha, ha!" whistles Robin. "My
dear,

Let us all take our own choice of good
cheer!"

LUCY LARCOM.

traveled

remained

mountains

THE WATER LILY

Long ago, the Indians lived near the Big River. In the evening they would build a fire on the shore. Then they would sit about the fire. Sometimes they would tell stories; stories about the bears, the wolves, and the hunt. At other times they would sing. Then again they would join hands and dance around the fire.

One evening as they were sitting about the fire, they saw a strange light in the sky.

“Look! Look! It is a new star! Where did it come from? What does it mean?”

The Indians watched the bright star for a long time.

The next evening, again the bright star shone in the sky. Yet, not one of the Indians could tell what it was. Night after night the bright star came, and yet the Indians wondered.

One night the Indian Brave, Loka, said he would travel to the sky. He would go to the white star and find out.

The star was far, far away. Loka traveled many days and nights. When he reached the white star, he was very tired.

Then White Star said, "Come, Loka, and rest beside me."

So Loka slept and rested beside White Star. When he awoke, White Star was there.

"Oh, Loka, I am so happy because you have come to me! I have long wanted to go to the earth; but I did not know the way. O brave Loka, take me back with you. I want to live on earth with your people."

Then Loka took White Star in his strong arms. They traveled for days and days. It was evening, and the sun was going down. The Indians had gathered about the fire.

Then it was that Loka came back to his people. He had brought the beautiful White Star to them.

The Indians loved White Star. Each Indian wished to take her to his home. But White Star loved Loka and would not leave him.

But a sad day came for White Star. Loka was sent to war and he could not take her.

“Now I will find a new home,” said White Star. “I will go far, far away. I will go and live on the prairies.”

That day White Star left the Indians. She traveled away to the prairies. Many days she remained there. But the prairies were lonely, and she was unhappy.

Then she traveled away to the mountains, but she did not like her mountain home. So she went down into the valley. Here she could not see the sun.

“I cannot stay here; it is so gloomy, I



Esther Park.

shall die," she said. So she left the valley.

Now she knew not where to make her home. She traveled on and on.

One evening White Star passed a little pond. "This is a lovely little pond," she said. "It is just the place for a home. I will make my home here, and wait until Loka comes back to me." So she rested on the pond.

The next morning the pond was covered with beautiful water lilies. White Star was now a beautiful water lily.

Loka brought her from the sky, and since then she has always lived in the pond.

Indian Legend.

THE TREE

The Tree's early buds were bursting their brown;

"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.

“ No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,”
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled
from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the
birds sung.

“ Shall I take them away? ” said the
Wind as he swung.

“ No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,”
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering
hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer
glow:

Said the Girl, “ May I gather thy
berries now? ”

“ Yes, all thou canst see;
Take them, all are for thce,”

Said the Tree, while he bent down his
laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

creditable	tremendously	proboscis
opportunities	experience	delicious

BUZ AND HUM

I

The time came when Buz and Hum, two young bees, were allowed to try their wings.

“Follow me,” said a friendly older bee. “I can spare time to fly a little way, and when I stop, you stop too.”

“All right,” cried Buz, trembling with excitement.

Hum said nothing, but her wings began to move, almost in spite of herself. Away went the bee, in a straight line from the mouth of the hive, and away flew Buz and Hum after her. But at first starting, they both found it a little difficult to keep quite straight, and Buz knocked against the board to begin with, and nearly stopped herself, as she had not learned how to rise.

The older bee did not go far, but lit on a branch of a peach tree that was growing against a wall hard by.

Buz came after her in a great hurry, but missed the branch and gave herself a bang against the wall. Hum saw this, and managed to stop herself in time; but she did not judge her distance very well either, and got on the peach tree in a scrambling sort of way.

“Very good,” said their friend, as they all three stood together; “you will soon be able to take care of yourselves now, but just let me see you fly back to the hive.” So off they flew again, and alighted on the board in a very creditable manner. “Now,” said the bee, “I shall leave you; but before I go, let me advise you as a friend, not to quit the garden to-day; there are plenty of flowers, and plenty of opportunities for you to meet with Experience without flying over any of the four walls.”

“Who is Experience?” asked Buz and Hum together.

“Oh! somebody to whom you are going to be introduced, who will teach you more in a day than you could learn from me in a week. Good by.” So saying, she disappeared into the hive.

“Isn’t it too delightful?” exclaimed Buz to Hum. “Flying! why, it’s even more fun than I thought!”

“It is,” said Hum, “but I should like to get some honey at once.”

“Of course,” replied Buz, “only I should like to fly a good way to get it.”

“I want to fill a cell quickly,” said Hum.

“Oh, yes, to be sure! What a delightful thing it will be to put one’s proboscis down into every flower and see what’s there! Do you know,” added Buz, putting out her feeler, “I feel as if I could suck honey tremendously, don’t you?”

“Yes, yes,” cried Hum. “I long to be at it; let’s be off at once.”

So away they went and lit on a bed of flowers.

Hum spent the day between the hive and that bed, and was quite, quite happy; but Buz, though she, too, liked collecting the honey, wanted to have more fun in getting it; and every now and then, as she passed to and from the hive, a lovely field of clover, not far off, sent forth such a delicious smell, as the breeze swept over it, that she was strongly tempted to disregard the advice she had been given, and to hurry off to it.

II

astonished	diligent	recover
accident	despair	drowned
miserable	forlorn	business

At last she could stand it no longer; and, rising high into the air, she sailed over the wall and went out into the world beyond.

And so she reached the field of clover, and flying quite low over the flowers, was astonished to see how many bees were busy among them, bumblebees without end, and plenty of honey bees too ; in fact, the air was filled with the pleasant murmur they made.

“ To be sure,” said Buz to herself, “ this is the place for me ! Poor, dear old Hum ! I hope she is enjoying herself as much as I am ; I don’t mean to be idle either, so here goes for some honey.”

Buz was very diligent indeed and soon collected as much honey as she could carry. But by the time she had done this she found herself close to the farther end of the clover field, and while resting for a moment, before starting to carry her load to the hive, she noticed a little pond in the corner.

Feeling thirsty after her hard work, she flew off to take a few sips ; but just as she reached the pond a light gust of wind

caught her and turned her half over, and before she could recover herself she was plunged far out into the water!

Poor Buz! She was a brave little bee, but this was a terrible accident; and after a few wild struggles she almost gave herself up.

The water was so cold, and she herself so helpless in it, and then the accident had happened so suddenly, that it is no wonder she lost courage. Only for a moment though; just as she was giving up in despair she saw that a bit of stick was floating near her, and she tried to get to it.

Alas! it was all she could do to keep her head above the water; and as for moving along through it, that seemed impossible, and she was tempted to give up once more.

It was very hard though; there was the stick, not more than a foot away from



her, if she could only reach it! At any rate, she was determined it should not be her fault if she did not, so she battled away harder than ever, though her strength began to fail and she was becoming numb with the cold.

Just as she made this last effort another gust of wind swept over the pond, and Buz saw that the stick began to move through the water, and to come nearer and nearer to her.

The fact was that a small twig sticking up from it acted as a sail, though Buz did

not know this. And now the stick was quite close, almost within reach; in another moment she would be on it.

Oh! but a moment seems a long time when one is at the last gasp, as poor Buz was. Would she be drowned after all? No! Just as she was sinking, she touched the stick with one little claw, and held on as only drowning people can; and then she got another claw safely lodged, and was able to rest for a moment.

Oh! the relief of that!

But even then it was very hard to get up on the stick, very hard indeed. However, Buz managed it at last, and dragged herself quite out of the cold water.

III

yielded	weary	crawling
despond	glistening	gayly

By this time the breeze was blowing over the pond, and the stick would soon reach

the bank ; but Buz felt very miserable and cold, and her wings clung tightly to her, and she looked very forlorn. The pond, too, was in the shade of trees ; so there were no sunbeams to warm her.

“ Oh ! ” thought she, “ if I can drag myself up into the sunshine and rest and be well warmed, I shall soon be better.” Well, the bank was safely reached at last, but Buz, all through her life, never forgot what a business it was, climbing up the side.

The long grasses yielded to her weight, and bent almost straight down, as if on purpose to make it as uphill work for her as possible. And even when she reached the top, it took her a weary while to get across the patch of dark shadow and out into the glad sunlight beyond. But she managed to arrive there at last, and crawling to the top of a stone which had been well warmed by the sun’s rays, she rested for a long time.

At last she was able to make her way, by short flights, back to the hive. After the first of these flights she felt very weak.

"If I ever do get home," she said to herself, "I shall tell Hum all about it, and how right she was to take advice."

Now whether it was the exercise that did her good, or that the sun's rays became hotter that afternoon, cannot be known, but Buz felt better after every flight.

When she reached the end of the clover field, she sipped a little honey, cleaned herself with her feet, stretched her wings, and, with the sun glistening brightly on her, looked quite fine again.

Her last flight brought her to the top of the kitchen garden wall. After resting here, she opened her wings and flew gayly to the hive, which she entered just as if nothing had happened.

MAURICE NOEL.

dow ; that her brothers were turned into swans, and had flown away over the wood. She also showed him the feathers which they had dropped in the courtyard, and which she had picked up.

The king was grieved, but he did not know that the queen had done this wicked deed. But, because he feared lest his daughter should be stolen from him too, he wished to take her home with him. But she was afraid of the queen and begged the king to let her stay one night more in the castle in the wood.

The poor girl said to herself, “I will go and look for my brothers.”

So when the night came, she ran away, and went straight into the wood. She went on all through the night, and the next day too, till she was so tired that she could go no farther. Then she saw a little house, and went in and found a room with six little beds.

She did not dare to lie down in any of them; but she crept under one, and lay down on the hard floor, intending to pass the night there. But when the sun was just setting, she heard a rustling outside, and saw six swans come flying in at the window.

They sat down on the floor and blew at one another until they blew all their feathers off; then they took off their swan skin shirts.

Then the poor girl knew that they were her brothers, and crept out from under the bed.

You can guess how glad she was to see them. The brothers were not less glad to see their dear sister, but their joy did not last long.

“You cannot stay here,” said they to her. “This house belongs to robbers. If they come home and find you, they will kill you.”

“ Cannot you protect me ? ” said the young girl.

“ No, ” answered they, “ we can take off our swans’ skins only for a quarter of an hour every evening, and be ourselves for that time ; then we are turned into swans again.”

Their sister cried, and said, “ Cannot I release you ? ”

“ Oh, no ! ” answered they. “ You could never do it. There is only one way. You must not laugh or speak for six years, and you must make for us six shirts out of stitchweed during that time. If, while you are making them, a single word comes from your mouth, all your work will be of no use.”

When the brothers had said this, the quarter of an hour was over, and they were changed into swans again and flew out of the window, while their sister watched them, through her tears.

languages quantity collected satisfied

III

The young girl made up her mind to set her brothers free, even if it cost her her life.

She left the house and went into the middle of the wood ; then she climbed up into a tree and spent the night there.

The next morning she got down, collected a quantity of stitchweed, and began to sew. She had no one to speak to, and she did not want to laugh. So she sat and looked only at her work.

When she had been there a long time, one day the king of that country was hunting in the wood, and his hunters came to the tree on which the girl sat. They saw her and called to her, “ Who are you ? ”

But she gave them no answer.

“ Come down and see us,” said they.
“ We will not do you any harm.”

But she only shook her head. As they kept teasing her with their questions, she threw down to them her gold necklace, and thought they would be satisfied with that.

But they did not leave, so she threw her sash down to them, and as that was worth nothing she threw down her garters, and at last everything that she could spare, so that she had only one garment left. But the hunters would not go away; they climbed up the tree and brought down the girl and took her to the king.

The king asked: "Who are you? What are you doing up in the tree?"

But she did not answer. He asked it in all the languages that he knew, but she remained as dumb as a fish.

But, because she was so beautiful, the king's heart was moved, and he fell deeply in love with her. He wrapped his cloak around her, took her before him on his horse, and carried her to his castle.



Then he had her dressed in rich clothes, and she shone in her beauty like the sunshine; but they could not get a word from her.

The king seated her by him at the table, and her modest look and proper behavior pleased him so much that he said, "I will marry her, and no one else in the world." After a few days he married her.

innocence

defense

crouched

IV

A wicked old woman at court, who was not pleased with his marriage, spoke ill of the young queen. "Who knows where the girl comes from?" said she. "She cannot speak. She is not good enough for a king."

A year after, when the new queen's first baby was born, the old woman took it away, and put blood upon the queen while she was asleep. Then she went to the king and accused her of killing her child. The king would not believe it, and would not let any one do the queen any harm. But she always sat and sewed the shirts, and took no notice of anything else.

The next time, when she had another beautiful baby, the wicked woman did the same as before, but the king could not then believe what she said.

He said: "My wife is too good to do

such a thing. If she were not dumb, and if she could defend herself, her innocence would be made clear."

But when, for the third time, the old woman took away the newborn child, and accused the queen, who could not say a word in her own defense, the king could not help himself. He was forced to give her up to the court of justice, and she was condemned to suffer death.

When the day came upon which the queen was to be put to death, it was exactly the last day of the six years in which she might neither speak nor laugh. And the six little shirts were all finished except that on the last one a sleeve was wanting.

When the queen came to the place of death, she laid the shirts on her arm, and when the fire was just about to be lighted, she looked around, and there came six swans flying through the air! Then her heart leaped for joy.



The swans flew to her and crouched down, so that she could throw the shirts over them. As soon as the shirts touched them, their swans' skins fell off, and her brothers stood before her. They were all grown up, strong and handsome, only the youngest had a swan's wing instead of one arm.

They kissed their sister many times, and then the queen said to the king, "Dearest husband, now I may speak, and declare to

you that I am innocent." Then she told him how the old woman had taken away her three children and hidden them.

The children were soon brought back safe and well, and the king and queen, with their six brothers, lived many happy years.

J. AND W. GRIMM.

LONDON WIND

The wind blows, the wind blows,
Over the ocean far,
But oh! it has forgot the waves
And the Isles where the Penguins are.

The wind blows, the wind blows,
Over the forest wide,
But oh! it has forgot the shade
And the dells where the hunted hide.

The wind blows, the wind blows,
Over the houses high,
The paper whirls in the dusty street
And the clouds are atoss in the sky.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

built

fluttered

speckled

COMING AND GOING

I

There came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. How beautiful was everything!

The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere.

Then one of the birds began singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you how to sing?" And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds told me, and the leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing!" "When did I tell you?" she asked.

And he said, "Every time you brought in the tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest."

Then his mate said, “What are you singing about?”

And he answered, “I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing.”

By and by the five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, “Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?”

Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by and pitied them because they were not birds.

II

fluttering parents crumpled

In a week or two, one day, when the father bird came home, the mother bird said, “Oh, what do you think has happened?”

“What has happened?”

“One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!” Pretty soon another egg moved

under her feathers, and then another and another, till five little birds were hatched. Now the father bird sang louder and louder than ever.

The mother bird, too, wanted to sing; but she had no time, and so she turned her songs into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew.

The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open wide, so that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

“Can anybody be happier?” said the father bird to the mother bird. “We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy.”

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents’ joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up on the branches.



There was then a great time !
The two old birds talking and chatting
to make the young ones go alone !

In a little while they had learned to use
their wings, and they flew away and away,
and found their own food, and built their
own nests, and sang their own songs of joy.

III

changes silently together

The old birds sat silent and looked at
each other, until the mother bird said,
“ Why don’t you sing ? ”

And he answered, “I can’t sing; I can only think and think !”

“What are you thinking of?”

“I am thinking how everything changes; the leaves are falling off from this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds have flown away. Something calls me, and I feel as if I should like to fly away !”

“Let us fly away together!”

Then they rose silently, and, lifting themselves far up into the air, they looked to the north; far away they saw the snow coming.

They looked to the south; there they saw flowers and green leaves !

All day they flew; and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter, where the flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.



NORSE LULLABY

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north
to-night;
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings :
 “ Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep ; ”
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings :
 “ Sleep, little one, sleep.”

On yonder mountain side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine ;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing :

“ Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep ;
What shall you fear, when I am here ?
Sleep, little one, sleep.”

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast .

Liketh the song I sing the best, —

“ Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep ;
Weary thou art, anext my heart,
Sleep, little one, sleep.”

accordingly	Hjal mar (pronounced
umbrella	Hyal mar in two syllables)

OLE LUK OIE

There is no one in the world who knows
so many stories as Ole Luk Oie. He can
tell them beautifully.

Towards evening time when children are still sitting at table or on their chairs, Ole Luk Oie comes. He creeps up the stairs very quietly, for he always walks in his stockings; he opens the doors gently, and whish! he throws sweet milk into the children's eyes in tiny drops, but still quite enough to prevent them from keeping their eyes open and therefore from seeing him.

He steals behind them, and blows softly on their necks, and this makes their heads heavy. Of course, it does not hurt them, for Ole Luk Oie is the children's friend; he only wants them to be quiet until they have been put to bed.

He wants them to be quiet so that he can tell them stories.

When the children are at last asleep, Ole Luk Oie sits down upon their bed. He has fine clothes on. His coat is of silk, and shines red, green, or blue, according as he turns.

Under each arm he carries an umbrella. One has pictures on it, and he opens it over good children, and then they dream the most beautiful stories all night ; on the other, there is nothing at all, and he opens this over naughty children, and then they sleep as though they were deaf, so that when they awake in the morning, they have not dreamed of the least thing.

Now we shall hear how for one week Ole Luk Oie came to a little boy named Hjalmar every evening, and what he told him ! There are seven stories ; for there are seven days in the week.

riot ceiling medicine

MONDAY

“Look here,” said Ole Luk Oie in the evening, when he had put Hjalmar to bed ; “I’ll just make things look nice.”

And all the flowers in the flower pots grew into large trees and stretched out

their long branches across the ceiling and along the walls so that the room looked like a beautiful arbor; and all the branches were full of flowers, and every flower was finer than a rose and smelled sweet.

The fruits shone like gold. If one wanted to eat them, they were sweeter than jam, and there were cakes simply bursting with currants. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. But at the same time terrible cries were heard coming from the table drawer in which Hjalmar's school books lay.

“Whatever is the matter?” said Ole Luk Oie, going to the table and opening the drawer. It was the slate, upon which a terrible riot was going on amongst the figures. It was all because a wrong one had got into the sum, so that it was nearly falling to pieces.

The pencil hopped and skipped at the end of its string, as if it were a little dog

who would have liked to help the sum, but could not. And from Hjalmar's copybook there also came the sound of woe, terrible to hear. On every page there stood at the beginning of each line a capital letter, with a small one next to it; that was for a copy.

Now next to these stood some other letters which Hjalmar had written, and these thought they looked just like the first two. But they lay there as if they had fallen over the pencil lines upon which they ought to have stood.

“Look, this is the way you ought to hold yourselves up,” said the copybook. “Look, slanting like this, with a powerful up stroke ! ”

“Oh, we should like to,” said Hjalmar's letters, “but we cannot; we are too weak.”

“Then you must take some medicine,” said Ole Luk Oie.

“Oh, no,” they cried, and stood up so

gracefully that it was a pleasure to see them.

“ Well, we cannot tell any stories now ! ” said Ole Luk Oie ; “ I must drill them. One, two ! One, two ! ” and in this way he drilled the letters. They stood up quite gracefully ; and looked as nice as only a copy can do. But when Ole Luk Oie had gone and Hjalmar looked at them in the morning, they were just as weak and miserable as before.

immediately	exception	landscape
balconies	gnats	wardrobe

TUESDAY

As soon as Hjalmar had gone to bed, Ole Luk Oie touched all the furniture in the room with his little magic wand, whereupon it immediately began to talk.

Every place spoke about itself, with the exception of the rug. This lay quietly there

and got very angry at their being so vain as to talk only about themselves, to think only about themselves, and to take no notice whatever of it, lying modestly on the floor and allowing itself to be walked upon.

Over the wardrobe hung a large picture in a gilt frame ; it was a landscape. There might be seen large old trees, flowers in the grass, and a wide river flowing round the wood, past many castles, and far out into the stormy sea.

Ole Luk Oie touched the picture with his magic wand, and the birds immediately began to sing, the branches of the trees to move, and the clouds to sail past ; their shadows could be seen gliding along over the landscape.

Then Ole Luk Oie lifted Hjalmar to the frame and put his little feet into the picture, right among the high grass, and there he stood. The sun shone down upon him through the branches of the trees.

He ran to the water and got into a small boat which was lying there ; it was painted red and white, the sails glittering like silver.

Six swans, wearing golden crowns round their necks and brilliant blue stars on their heads, drew the boat along, past the green wood, where the trees tell of robbers and witches, and where the flowers speak of the dainty little elves and of what the butterflies have told them.

Beautiful fishes, with scales like silver and gold, swam after the boat ; now and then they took a jump, making the water splash. Birds, blue and red, small and large, also followed, flying in two long rows.

The gnats danced and the beetles said, “ Boom, boom ! ” They all wanted to follow Hjalmar, and each had a story to tell.

What a pleasant voyage it was ! At times the woods were thick and dark, and at times full of sunlight and flowers, like the most beautiful garden.



There were great castles built of glass and marble, and on the balconies stood princesses, who were all little girls whom Hjalmar knew very well, and with whom he had formerly played.

Every one of them stretched out her hands, offering him the prettiest sugar heart that any one could find in a candy shop.

Hjalmar caught hold of one side of a sugar heart as he sailed by, and the princess held on tightly to the other side, so each got a piece of it, she the smaller, Hjalmar the bigger.

At every castle little princes were keeping guard, shouldering their golden swords and showering down raisins and tin soldiers; it was easy to see that they were real princes.

And the flowers danced on their stalks, and the old trees nodded as if Ole Luk Oie were telling them stories also.

outspread
nudged

prisoner
interesting

pyramids
rigging

WEDNESDAY

Now the rain was pouring down outside! Hjalmar could hear it in his sleep, and when Ole Luk Oie opened one of the windows, the water came up to the window sill. It formed quite a lake, and a most splendid ship lay close to the house.

“If you would like to sail with us, little Hjalmar,” said Ole Luk Oie, “you can reach foreign countries to-night, and get back here by the morning.”

Then Hjalmar suddenly found himself dressed in his Sunday clothes, in the middle of the beautiful ship; the weather at once became fine, and they sailed through the streets, round the church, and were soon out on a great stormy sea.

They sailed until they lost sight of land, and could see only a flock of storks, coming

from Hjalmar's home and going to warm climates.

The storks were flying in a line one after another, and had already come very far. One of them was so tired that his wings could scarcely carry him any longer ; he was the last in the line, and was soon left a long way behind, finally sinking lower and lower with outspread wings. He flapped them once or twice more, but it was of no use ; first he touched the rigging of the vessel with his feet, then he slid down from the sail, and at last he stood on the deck.

The cabin boy took him and put him into the coop with the hens, ducks, and turkeys ; there stood the poor stork, a prisoner among them.

“Look at the fellow,” said all the fowls, and the turkey cock puffed himself out as much as he could, and asked him who he was ; the ducks waddled backwards, quacking : “What a fool ! What a fool !”

The stork told them about the heat of Africa, about the pyramids, and about the ostrich who runs in the desert like a wild horse ; but the ducks did not understand him, and nudged one another, saying, "I suppose we all agree that he is very stupid."

"Of course he is very stupid," said the turkey ; and then he gobbled. So the stork was silent and thought of his Africa.

"What beautifully thin legs you have," said the turkey cock. "What do they cost a yard ?"

"Quack, quack, quack !" grinned all the ducks ; but the stork pretended not to have heard it.

"You might laugh anyhow," said the turkey cock to him ; "for it was very wittily said. But perhaps it was too deep for you. Ha, ha ! he is not very clever. We will keep to our interesting selves." And then he gobbled and the ducks quacked. "Gobble, gobble ! Quack, quack !"

But Hjalmar went to the coop, opened the door, and called the stork, who hopped out to him on the deck. He had now had a good rest, and he seemed to nod at Hjalmar, as if to thank him.

He then spread his wings and flew to the warm countries ; but the hens cackled, the ducks quacked, and the turkey cock turned red as fire in his face.

“ To-morrow we shall make soup of you,” said Hjalmar ; and with that he awoke and found himself lying in his little bed. It was a strange journey that Ole Luk Oie had made him take that night.

frightened	uniform	delicious
betrothed	arriving	refreshments

THURSDAY

“ What do you think I have here ? ” said Ole Luk Oie. “ Do not be frightened, and you shall see a little mouse.” And he held out his hand and in it lay a little creature.

“It has come to invite you to a wedding. Two little mice are going to be married to-night. They live under the floor of your mother’s pantry, which must be a fine place to live in.”

“But how can I get through the little mousehole in the floor?” asked Hjalmar.

“Leave that to me,” said Ole Luk Oie. “I will soon make you small enough.” And then he touched Hjalmar with his little magic wand, and he became smaller and smaller, until at last he was no bigger than a finger.

“Now you can borrow the clothes of the tin soldier; I think they will just fit you, and it looks well to wear a uniform when you go into company.”

“Yes, certainly,” said Hjalmar, and in a moment he was dressed like the neatest of little tin soldiers.

“Will you be good enough to sit in your mother’s thimble?” said the little mouse;

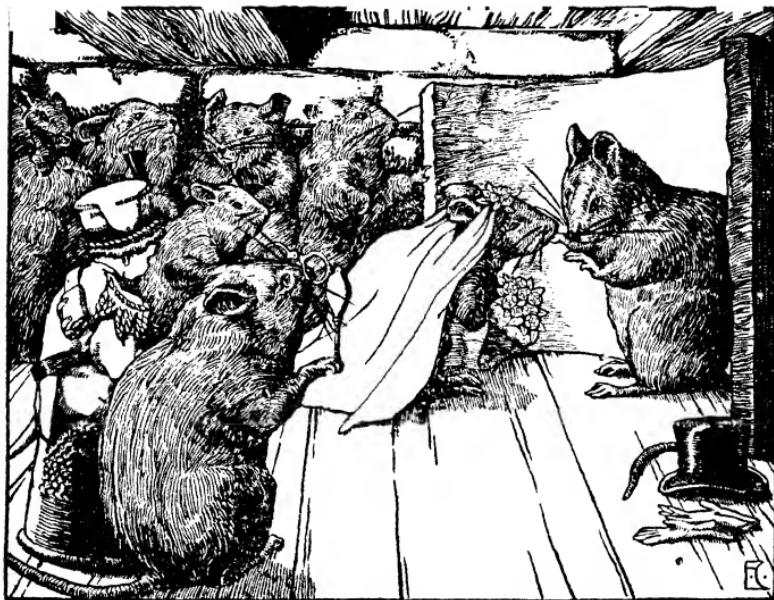
“then I shall have the honor of drawing you to the wedding.”

“Dear me! young lady, will you take so much trouble?” said Hjalmar. In that fashion they drove to the mouse’s wedding.

At first they went through a long passage under the floor, scarcely high enough to drive the thimble under, and the whole passage was lighted with glowworms.

“Does not it smell delicious here?” asked the mouse, as she drew Hjalmar along. “The passage has been smeared with bacon rind. There can be nothing nicer!” Soon they came into the bridal hall. On the right stood all the lady mice, whispering and giggling as though they were making fun; on the left stood all the gentlemen mice, stroking their whiskers with their paws.

In the middle of the hall could be seen the bride and the bridegroom standing in a hollow cheese rind; they were kissing each



other before the eyes of all, for they were already betrothed and were soon to be married.

More and more friends were arriving; the mice were almost treading upon one another, and the bridal pair had placed themselves right in the doorway, so that no one could go in or out.

The whole room had been rubbed with bacon rind, and that was all the refresh-

ments the guests had. For dessert, however, they showed a pea, in which a mouse of the family had bitten the names of the bridal pair. This was a new idea.

All the mice agreed that it had been a pleasant wedding.

Then Hjalmar drove home again. He had certainly been in fine society, but he also had had to make himself very small, to creep into the room and to wear the uniform of a tin soldier.

presenting ceremony imagine
FRIDAY

“You would hardly believe how many grown-up people there are who would be glad to have me at night,” said Ole Luk Oie; “especially those who have done something wrong.

“‘Dear little Ole,’ they say to me, ‘we cannot close our eyes, and so we lie awake the whole night and see all our wicked

deeds sitting on our beds like ugly little imps, throwing hot water over us. Will you come and drive them away, so that we can get a good sleep?" Then they sigh deeply. "Indeed, we would willingly pay for it. Good night, Ole; the money is on the windowsill."

"But I do not do it for money," said Ole Luk Oie.

"What are you going to do tonight?" asked Hjalmar.

"Well, I do not know whether you would care to go to another wedding, though it is quite different from one we saw last night. Your sister's big doll, the one that is dressed like a man and is called Herman, is going to marry the doll Bertha. Besides this, it is the bride's birthday, and they will receive many presents."

"Yes, I know that," said Hjalmar. "Whenever the dolls want new clothes, my sister says it is a birthday or a wed-

ding ; that has happened a hundred times already, I am sure."

" Yes, but tonight is the one hundred and first wedding, and when that number is reached, everything is over. That is why this one will be quite unlike any other. Just look!"

Hjalmar looked upon the table. There stood the little doll's house with lights in the windows, and all the tin soldiers presenting arms in front of it.

The bride and bridegroom were sitting on the floor and leaning against the leg of the table. They seemed very thoughtful, and perhaps for good cause. Ole Luk Oie, dressed in grandmother's black gown, married them.

When the ceremony was over, all the furniture in the room began to sing a beautiful song, written by the lead pencil.

And now came the presents. The bridal pair had nothing to eat. They thought that love was enough for them to live on.

“Shall we have a country house, or would you rather travel?” asked the bridegroom. They asked advice of the swallow, who had traveled far, and of the old hen, who had hatched five broods of chicks in the same yard.

The swallow spoke of warm countries, where the grapes grow large, where the air is so mild and the mountains have such colors as are never found here in our country.

“But still they have not cabbage,” said the hen. “I was once in the country for a whole summer with my chicks; there was a sand pit, into which we might go and scratch. Then we went into a garden full of cabbage. Oh, it was fine! I cannot imagine anything nicer.”

“But one cabbage is just like another,” said the swallow; “and then we very often have bad weather.”

“One gets used to that,” said the hen.

“But it is cold here, and it freezes.”

“That is good for cabbages,” said the hen. “Besides, it can be warm here too. Did we not have a summer, four years ago, that lasted five weeks? It was almost too warm to breathe.

“And then we have no snakes, and we are free from robbers. He must be a wicked man who does not think that our country is the finest of all. He ought not to be allowed to live here.”

And then the hen wept and added: “I once traveled too. I rode for more than twelve miles in a coop. Traveling is by no means pleasant.”

“The hen is a sensible woman,” said the doll Bertha. “I do not in the least care for mountain traveling myself, for you only go up and down again. No, we will go into the gravel pit outside the gate and take a walk in the cabbage garden.”

And so they did.

Chinamen	numbered	otherwise
portrait	heathen	opinion

SATURDAY

“Shall I hear any more stories?” asked little Hjalmar, as soon as Ole Luk Oie had sent him to sleep.

“We have no time for any this evening,” said Ole Luk Oie, opening his picture umbrella over him. “Just look at these Chinamen!”

The umbrella looked like a large Chinese bowl with blue trees and pointed bridges, and with little Chinamen nodding their heads.

“We must have the whole world cleaned up by to-morrow morning,” said Ole Luk Oie, “for it is a holiday. It is Sunday. I will go to the church steeple and see whether the little church sprites are polishing the bells, so that they may sound sweet. I will go out into the fields and

see whether the wind is blowing the dust off the grass and the leaves.

“The hardest work of all is this, I must take down the stars and polish them. I take them in my apron ; but first each one must be numbered, and the holes in which they are fixed must also be numbered, so that they may be put back in their right places. They would otherwise not hold fast and we should have too many falling stars, one tumbling down after another.”

“Look here! Do you know, Mr. Ole Luk Oie,” said an old portrait which hung on the wall in Hjalmar’s bedroom, “I am Hjalmar’s great grandfather? I thank you for telling the boy tales ; but you must not put wrong ideas into his head. The stars cannot be taken down. The stars are worlds, just like our earth, and that is the beauty of them.”

“Thank you, old great grandfather,” said Ole Luk Oie ; “thank you. You are the

head of the family no doubt ; but I am still older than you. I am an old heathen ; the Greeks and Romans called me the god of Dreams.

“ I have visited the grandest houses, and still go there. I know how to deal with both the humble and the great. Now, you may tell your stories.” And Ole Luk Oie went away and took his umbrella with him.

“ Well ! One must not even give one’s opinion any more,” grumbled the old portrait.

And Hjalmar awoke.

interrupt	impossible	embroidered
inquired	exceedingly	instructive

SUNDAY

“ Good evening,” said Ole Luk Oie. Hjalmar nodded and sprang up to turn his great grandfather’s portrait against the wall, so that it could not interrupt, as it had done yesterday.

“ You must tell me some stories about the five green peas who lived in one pod ; or of the chickseed that courted the chickweed ; and about the darning needle who was so grand that she fancied she was a sewing needle.”

“ You can have too much of a good thing,” said Ole Luk Oie.

“ You know that I like best to show you something, so I will show you my brother. He is called Ole Luk Oie too, but he never visits any one but once, and when he does come, he takes him away on his horse, and tells him stories as they ride along. He knows only two stories.

“ One of these is so wonderfully beautiful, that no one in the world can imagine anything at all like it ; but the other is just as ugly and frightful, so that it would be impossible to describe it.”

Then Ole Luk Oie lifted Hjalmar up to the window. “ There now, you can see my

brother, the other Ole Luk Oie ; his coat is embroidered with silver, and a mantle of black velvet flies behind him, over the horse. Look, how he gallops along.” Hjalmar saw that as this Ole Luk Oie rode on, he lifted up old and young, and carried them away on his horse. Some he seated in front of him, and some behind, but always inquired first, “ How stands the mark book ? ”

“ Good,” they all answered.

“ Yes, but let me see for myself,” he replied ; and they were obliged to give him the books. Then all those who had “ Very good,” or “ Exceedingly good,” came in front of the horse, and heard the beautiful story ; while those who had “ Middling,” or “ Pretty good,” in their books, were obliged to sit behind, and listen to the frightful tale.

“ You need have no fear of him,” said Ole Luk Oie, “ if you take care and keep a good conduct book.”

“Now I call that very instructive,” murmured the great grandfather’s portrait.

These are some of the doings and sayings of Ole Luk Oie. I hope he may visit you himself this evening, and relate some more

HANS ANDERSEN.

WHO• STOLE THE BIRD’S NEST?

“To whit! to whit! to whee!

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid,

And the nice nest I made?”

“Not I,” said the cow. “Moo-oo!

Such a thing I’d never do.

I gave you a wisp of hay,

But I didn’t take your nest away.

Not I,” said the cow. “Moo-oo!

Such a thing I’d never do.”

“To whit! to whit! to whee!

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid,

And the nice nest I made?”



“ Bobolink ! bobolink !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day ? ”

“ Not I,” said the dog. “ Bow-wow !
I wouldn’t be so mean, anyhow !
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I,” said the dog. “ Bow-wow !
I’m not so mean, anyhow.”

“ To whit ! to whit ! to whee !

Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ? ”

“ Bobolink ! bobolink !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day ? ”

“ Coo-coo ! coo-coo ! coo-oo !
Let me speak a word too !
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow-breast ? ”

“ Not I,” said the sheep. “ Oh, no !
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line ;
But the nest was none of mine.
B-a-a,” said the sheep. “ Oh, no !
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so ! ”

“ To whit ! to whit ! to whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ? ”

“ Bobolink ! bobolink !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day ? ”

“ Coo-coo ! coo-coo ! coo-coo !
Let me speak a word, too !
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow-breast ? ”

“ Caw ! caw ! ” cried the crow.
“ I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird’s nest to-day ? ”

“ Cluck ! cluck ! ” said the hen.
“ Don’t ask me again !
Why, I haven’t a chick
Would do such a trick.

“ We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I’d scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.

Cluck ! cluck ! " said the hen.
" Don't ask me again ! "

" Chir-a whirr ! chirr-a-whirr !
All the birds make a stir !
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, ' For shame ! ' "

" I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green.
" I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

" It's very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal.

" I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel."

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind his bed ;
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellow-breast.
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON FROM THE BIBLE

The king of Babylon had made war upon the king of the Jews at Jerusalem. He had destroyed the city and had carried away as captives to Babylon most of the people. Among these were young men and maidens of noble Jewish families. These youths worshiped the God of their fathers, and refused to do evil as the people of Babylon did. This little story tells how four of them were strong enough to do right.

nourished	understanding	science
compassion	endanger	magicians

THE STORY OF THE THREE HEBREW YOUTHS

And the king spake unto the master of his young men, that he should bring in certain of the children of Israel, even of the family royal and of the nobles; youths in whom was no blemish, but well favored, and skillful in all wisdom, and cunning in



knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability to stand in the king's palace: and that he should teach them the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans.

And the king appointed for them a daily portion of the king's meat, and of the wine that he drank, and commanded that they should so be nourished three years; that at the end thereof they might stand before the king. Now among these were, of the children of Judah, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank; therefore he requested of the prince of the young men that he might not defile himself.

Now God made Daniel to find favor and compassion in the sight of the prince of the young men. And the prince of the young men said unto Daniel, I fear my

lord the king, who hath appointed your meat and your drink, for why should he see your faces worse liking than the youths which are of your own age? so should ye endanger my head with the king.

Then said Daniel to the steward, whom the prince had appointed over Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: “Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days, and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink. Then let our faces be looked upon before thee, and the faces of the youths that eat of the king’s meat; and as thou seest, deal with thy servants.”

So he hearkened unto them in this matter, and proved them ten days. And at the end of ten days their faces appeared fairer, and they were fatter in flesh, than all the youths who did eat of the king’s meat. So the steward took away their meat, and the wine that they should drink, and gave them pulse.

Now as for these youths, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom ; and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams. And at the end of the days which the king had appointed for bringing them in, the prince of the young men brought them in before Nebuchadnezzar. And the king talked with them ; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah ; therefore stood they before the king. And in wisdom and understanding, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and enchanters that were in all his realm.

The Bible.

DANIEL AND THE LIONS' DEN

The Jewish prince, Daniel, stayed at the court of the king for many years. He did many great services for the king, and the king loved him and placed him over all the princes of his kingdom. Indeed, he in-

tended to make him ruler next himself, but the princes of Babylon were jealous of Daniel and tried to find some excuse for making the king hate him, but they found none, "because he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him."

Then they said, "Daniel worships the God of the Jews. We will use this against him."

So they went before the king and said: "King Darius, live forever! All the princes of your kingdom beg you to make a law that if anybody shall make a prayer to any god or man for thirty days, save to thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions."

The king was very vain, and thought this was a great honor, so he made the law. But Daniel believed it wrong to make a prayer to any one but his God. This story tells what he did.

aforetime	assembled	concerning
continually	exceeding	dominion

A BRAVE YOUTH

And when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; (now his windows were open in his chamber toward Jerusalem :) and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.

Then these men assembled together, and found Daniel praying to his God. Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's law: "Hast thou not signed a law that every man that shall make petition unto any god or man within thirty days, save unto thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?"

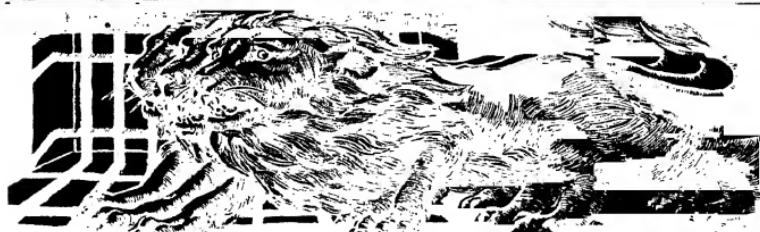
The king answered and said, "The thing is true."

Then answered they and said before the

king: “That Daniel, which is of the children of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the law that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day.”

Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him ; and he labored until the going down of the sun to rescue him. Then these men assembled together unto the king, and said unto the king: “Know, O king, that no law or statute which the king establisheth may be changed.”

Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel: “Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee.” And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den ; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords, that nothing might be changed concerning Daniel.



Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting; neither were instruments of music brought before him; and his sleep fled from him.

Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came near the den to Daniel, he cried with a sad voice unto Daniel ; and the king spake and said to Daniel : “ O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest, able to deliver thee from the lions ? ”

Then said Daniel unto the king, “ O king, live forever ! My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me ; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt.”

Then was the king exceeding glad, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he had

trusted in his God. And the king commanded, and they brought those men which had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions ; and the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces, before ever they came at the bottom of the den.

Then King Darius wrote unto all the peoples, nations, and languages that dwell in all the earth : “ Peace be multiplied unto you. I make a decree that in all the dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel ; for he is the living God, and steadfast forever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end ; he delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth ; who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions.” So this Daniel prospered in the reign of Darius, and in the reign of Cyrus the Persian.

The Bible.

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